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D. J. Enright on the Yellow Peril in American fiction

TLS

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APRIL 9 1982

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ITALY

A demagogue and his effects

By Adrian Lyttelton

DENIS MACK SMITH:
Mussolini
429pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£12.95.
0 297 78005 0

Denis Mack Smith's book on Mussolini will certainly make all earlier biographies in English obsolete. Both the width of his documentation (references and bibliography take up no less than ninety-six out of 416 pages) and the precision of his style put the work in a different class from its predecessors. The only English-language work which remains indispensable is the American historian Gaudens Megaro's study of the young Mussolini, but this does not go beyond 1914. Renzo De Felice's massive biography is a work of a very different kind, a "life and times" in which the personality of Mussolini occasionally almost disappears from sight under the sheer volume of information about all aspects of Italian politics.

Mr Mack Smith's many admirers in England and Italy will not be disappointed by the crispness of his judgments and the gusto with which he describes Mussolini's follies. Historians, as he once observed, are apt to take history, and fascism in particular, too seriously; and his account offers a healthy corrective to over-rational explanations of Mussolini's career and policies. What Mack Smith gives us is a satirical portrait, in which the contrast between Mussolini's grandiloquent poses and the often absurd reality is constantly pointed up. One could argue that the portrait is biased towards the depiction of Mussolini's most obvious failings: little less than a quarter of the whole text is devoted to the years of the Second World War. In contrast the account of Mussolini's rise to power, which acknowledges, as one must, his skill and sense of timing, is relatively brief.

Mack Smith's technique, however, is very effective in exposing the falsity of Mussolini's retrospective claims, and the myth of his omniscience, foresight and superhuman energy is demolished brick by brick. According to Mack Smith, the dictator who claimed to work far into the night needed a regular nine hours' sleep. If Mack Smith likes to dwell on the negative and absurd aspects of the Duce's character, who can blame him, after so much hero-worship? Like several earlier biographers, he finds the key to Mussolini's bewildering changes of ideas and mood in the two professional roles which best suited him: those of actor and journalist. The negative aspects of Mussolini the journalist, when in power, have already been very well described in F. W. Deakin's *The Brutal Friendship*. But Mack Smith insists also on the importance of journalism in Mussolini's rise to power. Without popular journalism, he argues, fascism could not have existed.

About Mussolini the actor he is considerably less complimentary: he seems to regard him only as a ham. As a matter of taste, there is nothing to quarrel with here, but one could ask if over-acting was not highly acceptable to Mussolini's audience. It is a gross slander on Italian to say that Mussolini reflected some imaginary national character, but like all successful political leaders he did undeniably appeal to certain widely diffused cultural attitudes. A French diplomat soon after the March on Rome remarked that fascist ceremonies would have seemed "too theatrical" for a Parisian public (Italian tastes might not have appreciated the dignified classicism of a de Gaulle). Any good orator, or actor, takes from his audience and the relations between actor and public are important for understanding Mussolini's personality. Newsreels seem to show a significant change in his style of oratory during the 1930s, an abandonment of the more relaxed "dialogue with the crowd" technique, for a formal harangue which aims to intimidate the listeners. But this is

an impression which should be studied more closely. Similarly, Mack Smith notes, by then Mussolini no longer had conversations with journalists; he gave audience.

Mack Smith is very clear about his own intentions. His book is a biography, focusing on "the public life of one man", and not a history of fascist Italy. It is perhaps inevitable that there are moments when Mussolini's figure seems to detach itself too clearly from its background, as in a partially cleaned picture. For example, the fact that he knew the truth about Italy's lack of military preparation in 1940 makes his action in declaring war all the more inexcusable. However, after the German conquest of Norway, and still more after the victories in France, many of those who had previously questioned his pro-German policy came to see it as inevitable. Italy's very military weakness made neutrality increasingly difficult (German coal was essential). Mussolini's short-sighted cal-

What is incontestable is that his energies were increasingly dispersed. Once the discipline imposed by the struggle for power was removed, his erratic journalistic intelligence became more and more preoccupied with details. If he made good political capital out of what Mack Smith describes as his "narcissism" and "self-dramatizing", in his later years he became increasingly the prisoner of his own myth. Even in his political objectives, appearances started to become more important to him than reality. Hence the obsessions with the Roman step, uniforms, the substitution of *vol* for *lei*, and the spectacle of middle-aged *gerarch* doing the long jump. Such symbolic victories were substitutes for the things Mussolini unashamedly felt that he had not achieved: military efficiency, the levelling of class distinctions, social discipline, and the formation of a competent and honest ruling class.

Yet there was another side to Mussolini. The disasters which he

came to power in Germany, and that under his leadership Germany would probably launch a war for expansion after five or six years.

His policy was based on a version of the balance of power. Italy was to be the "determining weight" between the two rival blocs. The revision of the Versailles treaty was a necessary objective in order to allow Germany and the other defeated powers to play their role as counterweight to Britain and France. Italy had to exploit the favourable interval of time, during which Germany was strong enough to threaten the Western powers but not strong enough to act, in order to conquer Abyssinia and win a sphere of influence in the Balkans.

The fatal flaw in this policy was his underestimation of Hitler and of the speed of German recovery. Ironically, Mussolini's contempt for the traditional methods of diplomacy, emphasized by Mack Smith, did not prevent him from making the

The advent of Hitler exposed the limitations of his own brand of "totalitarianism". The frequent bitter references by Mussolini to Italian cowardice and lack of discipline, recorded in Ciano's diaries, have to be seen as alibis for the shortcomings which he recognized when he compared his regime to Hitler's. But the only way of making the totalitarian state a reality was by accentuating the ideological conflict with democracy. Indeed, only victory in a major war would have allowed Mussolini to get rid of the monarchy, the main obstacle to his claims.

He did have long-term plans and was capable of a certain tenacity in pursuing them. Abyssinia is a case in point. However, what he lacked was a moral or ideological vision sufficiently compelling to sustain a coherent strategy. Max Weber, who invented the modern concept of charismatic leadership, would not have approved of Mussolini's career. The Duce fits wonderfully well Weber's stereotype of the politician who believes only in his own personal urge to power: "... the demagogue is forced to take into account the effect which he produces; indeed just because of this he runs a constant risk of becoming a play-actor." The pure power-politician conceals his "weakness and impotence" behind "empty posturing" and is liable to "sudden inner collapse"; if political activity "is to have any kind of inner balance, the intention of serving some real cause must be present".

Mussolini may have had the illusion of a "real cause", in the shape of the future fascist civilization. Mack Smith describes with great clarity and economy his ambition to create a new "fascist man". "The idea of changing the character of Italians was quite fundamental. ... He liked to think of fascism as a laboratory from which a new culture, a new way of thinking and a new kind of person would emerge, warriors who are always ready to sacrifice their lives and prepare the country for its imperial destiny". But was fascist civilization more than a projection of Mussolini's own personality? Outside of his personal proclamations, it is hard to find any authoritative statement of what a true fascist society might be like. Characteristically, Mussolini himself undermined the pretensions of "corporatism" to be the "third way" between capitalism and socialism by refusing to give the corporations any power. He was, fortunately, unsuccessful in making Italy into a true totalitarian society; and his failure tells us something about him as well as about the Italians. Extreme forms of totalitarianism are imposed by "true believers"; Mussolini was never so convincing as when, in the days of his rise to power, he asserted the obsolescence of all ideologies. Only the dogma of his personal infallibility remained; he was a pope without a church.

Mack Smith stresses that "fascism was 'method' rather than 'theory', and that it owed its cohesion in early years only to a common commitment to the use of violence. He is quite right to point out that faith in the creative powers of violence is one of the very few ideas to which Mussolini held from the beginning to the end of his career. But he perhaps exaggerates the contradictions inherent in Mussolini's beliefs, great as they undoubtedly were. For example, he says that there was no mention of racism in the 1932 Doctrine of Fascism. But racism was not introduced until six years later, and even then rather desperate efforts were made to harmonize it with the rest of the doctrine by calling it "spiritual", instead of "biological".

Such a change would not in itself show that Mussolini was not a committed ideologist; antisemitism for him was largely a matter of adaptation to circumstances; the disastrous course of 1936-39, which rendered him ever more dependent on Germany? One reason may have to do with domestic policy.



One of a collection of photographs of Mussolini offered for sale with autograph notes, letters and other material by Sotheby's on April 14 and 15 (for further details of the sale see caption on next page).

calculation that he could pick up a few quick gains without real fighting was not so untypical, unfortunately, as it later appeared. The same is true of his belief in the economic importance of Albania, or his belief that the USA would never enter the war: these were widely shared mistakes.

There is one problem, however, about Mack Smith's deflation of Mussolini's pretensions, which he himself recognizes but to which he does not, perhaps, always give enough attention in the course of his narrative. How much of what he said did Mussolini himself believe? He early understood the importance of image-building and devoted himself to it with a care that was at times almost pedantic. He underlined passages in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot* to the effect that dictators ought to appear often on horseback, and shortly afterwards started taking riding lessons. It must be allowed that for a long time, considered purely as a technique for ruling, his act was very effective. The inner uncertainties which Mack Smith persuasively attributes to him were not displayed in public, where he succeeded in conveying an impression of confidence, will and abundant energy.

The last was not a false impression. In his prime, his capacity for work was very considerable, whatever the truth about his sleeping habits and politics was his lifeblood.

brought down on Italy were not just the result of a comic excess of pretension. They also arose from the situation of a modern dictator who could not rely on tradition for his claim to legitimacy. His manufactured charisma had to be confirmed by spectacular successes, by demonstrating that his intuitions put him in a special relationship to history. Mussolini himself weakened his elite by his frequent "changes of the guard". Yet he could not do without it altogether, or he would have been defenceless against the conservative forces who identified with the King. He needed to convince others, and himself, of his historic role.

Whatever the internal achievements of the regime, from the beginning Mussolini was committed to external aggrandizement as the test of success. Here the trouble was not just a flight from reality into appearances. So long as he was content with superficial prestige victories, the harm done was limited. It was his serious policy, not just his improvisations, which really led to disaster. In the earlier 1930s Mussolini was still capable of a shrewd and realistic assessment of the situation of other powers and he had a vision of the development of the European crisis which was not without insight. In 1932 he told the Hungarian prime minister Gombos that Hitler would

same error as those statesmen in the democracies who put their faith in negotiations with Hitler. The experiences of 1933-34 should have taught him that the game was too dangerous. To this error he later added others: he overestimated the significance of his own success in Abyssinia, and convinced himself that the democratic states had entered a phase of irreversible decline.

It might be argued that Mussolini tried to transfer the tactics he had used in the seizure of power to the field of foreign policy. As Mack Smith says, in the years before 1922 his sacrifice of ideological consistency was quite deliberate. He was successful in "perpetuating an unstable balance of forces" and exploiting it by an "eclectic policy". Much the same could be said of his foreign policy between 1933 and 1936. Mack Smith himself describes Mussolini's characteristic alternation of "tension and détente", in his relations with foreign powers, a parallel to his tactics of "violence and negotiation" towards the liberal governing class during his rise to power. These were both variants of his crude but effective method of "the stick and the carrot".

Why did Mussolini persevere in the disastrous course of 1936-39, which rendered him ever more dependent on Germany? One reason may have to do with domestic policy.

Mussolini had already accepted. These were the stock-in-trade of the German "conservative revolutionaries", or the Action Française; modern civilization was decadent, not only because of democracy but because excessive urbanization had led to a decline in the birth rate. Moral health and political strength required a return to rural virtues. The Jew in the scheme was the symbol of modernity. It could be suggested that from 1926 on Mussolini's inconsistency lay in not being antisemitic, so close was the connection between antisemitism and the rest of the reactionary package.

At the same time, this inconsistency was more than just a personal quirk, or a concession to his influential Jewish mistress, Margherita Sarfatti. The original mystique of the fascist movement was not anti-modernist or ruralist. The anti-modernist ideas which Mussolini later adopted were neither grounded in his early political experiences, nor were they shared by some of his closest associates. In the arts, for example, he was not consistently reactionary. Mack Smith is on good ground in not crediting Mussolini with any genuine interest in the visual arts. However, it must be admitted that he kept an open mind and on several occasions defended modern architecture against its critics. Indeed, many modern artists and architects looked to him for patronage. This was not simply opportunism, but also a hang-over from the Futurist revolt against the artistic establishment, typified by that pillar of Anglo-Florentine society, Ugo Oletti. Futurism and *romanità* unfortunately converged on one point: contempt of the marvellous achievements of the Italian Renaissance and Baroque. Mack Smith reminds us of the damage Mussolini did to Rome, and points out that this was only a part of what he planned to do.

The strengths, and the occasional weaknesses, of Mack Smith's approach come out most clearly in his chapter on "Mussolini as leader". The strengths are to be seen in the excellent sections on "the private person" and "the Duce", the weakness in the seven pages on "Mussolini and the economy", which are somewhat awkwardly sandwiched in between them. There are good reasons for playing down economics in a biography of Mussolini, as a

man whose main concerns and talents certainly lay elsewhere. However, it does seem that Mack Smith has missed a trick by neglecting Mussolini's personal relations with the industrialists. Count Giuseppe Volpi, correctly described as "one of the leading Italian financiers" on p. 272, is Italy's leading industrialist. Volpi was the most important political representative of industry, but as a captain of industry in the strict sense he was hardly the equal of Agnelli, Pirelli or Motta of the Edison, Agnelli and the Fiat do not appear in the index. Another notable absence is Alberto Beneduce, the *omnipotente* prince behind the creation of the state holding-company, IRI. Yet interesting aspects of Mussolini's policy, and even of his personality, are revealed by his love-hate relationship with the industrialists. He was torn between admiration and resentment, and feared their power while affecting to disregard it. No state occasions were more important or more carefully prepared than the Duce's visits to the Fiat works. It is true also that one of his greatest failures was his attempt to overcome the hostility of the Fiat workers.

Another uncharacteristic omission is Mussolini's attitude to the United States. This was more contradictory than Mack Smith allows, and one of the cases where the grave deterioration in Mussolini's political judgment in his later years is most apparent. Probably it was Roosevelt's failure to intervene in 1939-40 which led him to dismiss American power in the contemptuous phrases which Mack Smith reports. Yet, earlier, as the careful research of an Italian scholar, Professor Milgrom, has demonstrated, (in *Gli Stati Uniti e il fascismo*, 1980), Mussolini showed himself fully aware of its decisive importance. He spared no efforts to convince American bankers of the wisdom and ability of his rule. His personal contribution to the settlement of the war debt question was not altogether a myth, as Mack Smith seems to suggest. He cultivated American public opinion with great care, and with notable results. Roosevelt's aides spoke warmly of corporatism as an economic experiment roughly equivalent to the NRA.

Mack Smith's *Mussolini* will be remembered, I think, for the exceptional clarity and brilliance of the

writing. His portrait of Mussolini the man is the best we have. In Italy, reviewers have recognized that the English biographical tradition provides elements which are in short supply in Italian historiography: readability and the vivid portrayal of personality. As the journalist and historian Giorgio Bocca has written, Mack Smith's book is "excellent on the psychological plane", and characterized by the deadpan tone "which gives English biographical history its charm. But... we must not ask this tradition for what it cannot provide: a history of fascism, or even a political history of Mussolini. One cannot in fact write a political history abstracting almost completely from the social and international context. If the someone looks in Mack Smith's book for the founder of the mass totalitarian state, he will not find him. And he will not find even fascist Italy. But it is Mack Smith who has deliberately left them out."

Another Italian historian, Nicolo Tranfaglia, while warmly praising Mack Smith's style and scholarship, confesses to "a certain dissatisfaction". This comes from Mack Smith's failure, or refusal, to explain why the subject of Mussolini remains fascinating both to historians and to ordinary people. He objects, I think rightly, that the prevalence of illusion in Mussolini's political judgment in his later years is most apparent. In order to understand his historical role, we have to ask why his myth was so successful. What were the specific features of Italian and European society which made it possible for Mussolini to be accepted as a "representative man"? Tranfaglia suggests, plausibly, that in a period of rapid social change his personal success story had an obvious appeal. It was the epic of the self-made man of humble origins. That is why the myth of Mussolini still retains its hold over many Italians who reject fascism as a political system and creed. The study of his historical significance and the reasons behind the amazing successes of the first half of his career will continue to occupy historians for many years to come.

In the meantime, we should be grateful to Denis Mack Smith for what he has given us: a memorable account of the "crimes, vices and follies" of the man Mussolini.

The autograph draft of Mussolini's "Proclamation of Revolution", announcing the Fascist seizure of power, issued in the name of the *Quadrivirato*; possibly the most important document in the history of twentieth-century Italy. The first of the three sheets, reproduced above.

Il proclama ai fascisti e agli italiani

Fascisti di tutta Italia! L'ora della battaglia decisiva è suonata. Quattro anni fa, l'esercito nazionale, scatenò di questi giorni, la supremazia offensiva che lo condusse alla vittoria: oggi, l'esercito della Campione Nere, riafferma la vittoria mutilata [e] puntando disperatamente su Roma, la riconduce alla gloria del Campidoglio. Da oggi, principi e triari [sono] mobilitati. La legge marziale del Fascismo entra in pieno vigore. Dietro ordine del Partito vengono riassunti da un Quadrivirato segreto d'Azione con mandato dittatoriale.

Il Quadrivirato segreto d'Azione dichiara decaduta l'attuale governo, disciolta la Camera e aggiornato il Senato.

The draft is offered in the sale of music, Continental and Russian autograph letters, literary manuscripts and historical documents, with some printed music, at Sotheby's, 34 & 35 New Bond Street, London W1, starting on the mornings of April 14 and 15.

The call of the cradle

By Rosemary Dinnage

ELISABETH BADINTER:

The Myth of Motherhood
An Historical View of the Maternal Instinct

360pp. Souvenir Press. £8.95 (paperback, £5.95).
0 285 64941 8

In France, according to the book-jacket, Elisabeth Badinter's book caused a furore and was an instant best-seller (220,000 copies, and translations under way in fifteen countries). "Scandalous... to question maternal love!" was the reaction of a French journalist interviewing her. The extreme wing of the women's movement may be differently scandalized by the fact that as well as being the first woman professor at the prestigious Ecole Polytechnique the author is happily married (to France's Minister of Justice), and the mother of three.

It is odd that a book questioning the existence of a maternal "instinct" should have such a succès de scandale today. Certainly the French seem fond of children and less prone to baby-battering than we are; but married women in France, hard up and unsentimental, mostly go out to work; and in Britain, in France, and probably in the fifteen other countries where the book will be read, it is surely commoner at present to bemoan the boring side of child-rearing than extol its joys. Hasn't it been a long, long time, even before Elisabeth Badinter (b 1944) had her own children, since motherhood was popularly presented as obligatory and delightful?

Academic psychology, meanwhile, threw simple instincts out of the window a long time ago (cautiously, some psychologists admit the web-weaving of spiders, migration of fishes and mating responses of in-

sects to be entirely instinctive, but others seem to feel safer confining themselves to the paramoecium). Mme Badinter, who has qualifications in psychology as well as in sociology and philosophy, must be aware of how closely interconnected are learning and innate drives, even in simple species. Children have been reared that will make love only to ping-pong balls (and greylag geese, reputedly, only to Konrad Lorenz), rear a female monkey in unnatural circumstances, or make her give birth in them, and the mothering "instinct" will be grossly disturbed. Female humans at any rate do not eat their young when upset, like gerbils and hamsters.

Mme Badinter's argument - that since we have historical record of many fashions in child-rearing, some quite brutal, there is therefore no such thing as maternal instinct - is thus directed at a very simplistic concept of instinct. It is impracticable too: is she writing about a general nesting instinct (mate/home/child), or an instinct to get pregnant, or to care for an infant once it is born, or to love it, in the short or long term? The basis for the argument, the "history of childhood" that has been reconstructed by Ariès, Shorter, de Mause and others (and considerably challenged by other writers) - the gist of which is that child-rearing practices have been so horrible that kindness to the young is a twentieth-century invention - is unlikely, and frequently contradicted by literature and memoirs. Mme Badinter concentrates on the admittedly shocking record of eighteenth-century France, which sent the great majority of its infants out to wet-nurses soon after birth, where they were likely to be snuffed out pretty quickly by neglect or infection.

Certainly that was an unattractive chapter in the story of motherhood - though again, Mme Badinter oversimplifies history as she does biology, and does not dwell on the huge

increase in urban population and poverty that was taking place in France at the time. The fact is that oversimplification simply will not do, on this subject of conception/pregnancy/birth/maternity; it is the most complex of subjects, more confused and more tabooed than sex. Modern mechanized society, which is in opposition to anything instinctive (powerful, non-rational, reminding us of dependence) can make nothing of it, in spite of its success in packaging and selling masculinized sex.

What the history of childhood shows is not that there is no drive towards maternity in women and that therefore men and women (as Mme Badinter argues) must divide child care on a strict 50/50 basis, but rather that child-bearing is so special that it arouses every kind of emotion, good and bad, and every kind of projection. The child-care manuals (usually written by men) that are used as evidence by the historians of childhood say more about the projections than about actual practices.

"Mothers damn their children when they nurse them voluptuously... The child the mother holds dearest is usually the worst of the lot" (Vives, sixteenth century). "Never seem impulsive or capricious... Spread serenity all around you" (French pedagogues, early twentieth century). "Over-stimulation, next to deliberate and persistent neglect, is the most harmful treatment to which a child can be subjected... Among the more serious physical effects are badly-built teeth, the record of diverting to the brain the blood that should have been used for body-building" (from an amazing book by Mrs Sydney Frankenburg, in its fifth reprinting in the 1940s). Be strict, be gentle, be rational, be angelic, be like my mother was or like she wasn't; official advice is inexhaustible - women, meanwhile, get pregnant and carry things through with about the average seawear rate of any other human endeavour.

What is clearly visible in the child-care manuals, and in the whole tangle of emotions around the subject, is envy: we envy the mother, we envy the baby; no christening is without its bad fairy and her curse. That destructiveness is not absent from maternity really proves nothing about the extent of women's stake in it. Our own time, which historians of childhood consider the first child-centred one, is actually more ambivalent and paradoxical than ever. Contraception, good medical care and safe bottle-feeding carry the bad fairy's curse along with their blessings. For the first time, deciding to have a child at all is a puzzle; birth is a mechanized, lonely routine and ordinary childbirth a middle-class luxury, like wholemeal bread or cotton petticoats. Shops, restaurants and public transport deny the existence of babies and children, and the strangest of all - white naked ladies - are all over the news-stands and hoardings, breastfeeding a baby is almost impossible away from home.

Puritanism and envy are still around. The influence of the paediatrician Truby King which dominated child-rearing advice (in this century, at least) for decades is a sinister recent chapter in the story. Two examples of Truby King lore: nurse, to my own mother - "The child must cry for four hours a day or its lungs won't grow"; midwife to myself, concerning a day-old child - "Put him downstairs where you can't hear him; if he finds he can get the better of you, he'll always take advantage." It was against the background that doctors like Spock and Winnicott, attacked by Mme Badinter for forcing a stereotyped maternal role on women, put about the message in the 1940s and 1950s that child-care could be a fairly friendly and pleasurable thing.

Such picture, then, seems to be not so much one of women pressurized into holy maternity on the grounds of "instinct" as of their being steered

away from it by society's nosey-parceners. Yet even now they will go on having children; and if this is not an argument for the existence of not an all-or-nothing instinct but at least a curiosity, a drive, sometimes a passion, it is hard to see what would be. There is a line in David Hare's play *Plenty* which comes when the strong-minded heroine tries to rope in a stud to make her pregnant. "Deep down I'm sure you're not as hard as you seem," he says (or words to that effect). "Deep down I wish I could organize the whole damn thing on my own," she says. Now there's a thought.

Not all women are hell-bent on maternity, naturally; why fight generalization with generalization? (*Any Questions* was once paralysed by Trevor Fluddleston meeting some inane question about women with "Obviously, some are, and some aren't; I refuse to discuss such a silly question".) But I do, by and large and on the whole, look as though a lot of women are quite drawn to maternity. In fact the magazine questionnaire which Mme Badinter quotes supports this: sixty-four per cent of the women questioned said they found the day-to-day care of children enjoyable - but given that seven per cent did not answer and twenty-one per cent had someone else look after their children the proportion is even higher. Only five per cent said they found it drudgery - an amazingly small number, considering how awful child-minding often is.

Possibly, then, some women might resist handing over the full half-share of the job to their partners. Possibly we will one day have a new literary theme - the trusting but deceived by the non-Pill-taking woman and cast aside like an old glove when her purpose is accomplished. Meanwhile, it will be an excellent thing when the first training course for male nannies is set up.

Life as a railway

By David Ingleby

ANNA FREUD:

Psychoanalytic Psychology of Normal Development

389pp. The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psychoanalysis. £15.
0 712 05431

No one has occupied a more central position in the maintenance of the psychoanalytic tradition since Freud's death than his daughter Anna. Though his encouragement of her career as an analyst - which included the extraordinary step of analysing her himself - was intended to safeguard her future interests, rather than the profession's, she eventually came to assume the role of guardian of the faith. Psychoanalysis thus took second place to nothing in Anna Freud's life; as she writes in this volume, her social, professional and personal identity "fell together into one". Yet it would be wrong to see her as merely treading in her father's footsteps; as well as developing new ideas of the adaptive functioning of the ego, she has acquired a legendary reputation as a child analyst, and (through the Hampstead Clinic, and her widespread following in America) has placed that profession firmly on the map.

Psychoanalytic Psychology of Normal Development represents Volume VIII of her collected writings, and covers the period 1970-80. The papers in this volume (of which five are published for the first time) are concerned with many issues other than the "normal development" of the title. Technical problems in diagnosis and treatment, and the training of analysts, are also discussed, and there is a lengthy and valuable "Study Guide to Freud's Writings" (culled from introductions to a selected edition of Freud in German). But Anna Freud's chief concern in this volume is that child

analysis should now emulate classical psychoanalysis by providing, as its "crowning achievement", "a new, developmentally oriented psychoanalytic theory of child psychology". It would, however, be misleading to see this as a new departure. Psychoanalytic theory has always been based on a view of normal development, however much it may appear preoccupied with the abnormal: nor can it entertain any sharp theoretical distinction between pathology and health, given that the "infantile neurosis" (the Oedipus Complex) is held to be the very foundation of adult personality. As Anna Freud stresses, every child steers a vertiginous course through a succession of upheavals, dilemmas, and delusions: "aberrant features... are so frequent that they are almost the order of the day".

If this is so, what can this new theory of child psychology be? It is immediately obvious that we are not talking about the "normal" child, but about a hypothetical ideal of growth and adaptation. The question, in fact, is about the psychological processes which make for maturity; and this comes as no surprise, since Anna Freud's life's work has been concerned with the integrative, conflict-resolving capacities of the ego. Child analysis alone can investigate these capacities properly, she argues, since the past recalled by adult patients contains only unresolved conflicts - never resolved ones.

Although she realizes that she is talking about an ideal, Anna Freud does not seem to recognize that any value-judgments enter into its definition: she shares the fundamental positivist belief that science alone can provide a definition of health. For her, as for her father, no basic problems about morality seem to exist; the question "how to live?" does not admit to a great variety of answers. Thus, she does not see that what constitutes "maturity" is largely a matter of social values, which are bound to vary as society's require-

ments vary. She angrily dismisses feminist objections to the allegedly sexist bias of Freudian theory, pointing out (with doubtful relevance) that the psychoanalytic movement has always accorded its women members equal status. But political and economic factors inevitably influence such questions as the "desirability" of a child's attachment to its mother, the timing and quality of interactions with its father and other people, and the "appropriate" differentiation between boy and girl.

This unawareness of the historical specificity of childhood is the main shortcoming of her proposed theory of development. The theory itself is based on the concept of "Developmental Lines": what it amounts to is an account of the (ideal) sequence of development in a number of personality dimensions of special concern to psychoanalysis - love relationships, emotional defences, self-control, objectivity and insight, and the expression of aggression. Along each of these "lines" are "stations", representing developmental crisis points - an image, incidentally, which betrays very clearly the underlying notion that life is a journey along a fixed railway track, according to a predetermined timetable. If the trains do not run to time, and conflicts arise before the child is equipped to cope with them, then delays and breakdowns may occur.

Though much of this account is drawn from child analysis, it remains firmly based in classical Freudian theory - a theory which Anna Freud expounds with unique fluency and authority. Just as she seems unable to doubt the moral premises of classical psychoanalysis, however, so she appears totally impervious to doubts about its methodological basis: or conceptual framework; the criticisms and re-interpretations of the past fifty years have only strengthened her loyalty to the original theory. It is for this meticulous adherence to her father's theories that a second shortcoming originates in the pro-

posed account of development. The child's first attachments are seen as "anacitic", or "leaning on" primary drives of hunger and self-preservation: only in the phallic phase (around three to six years) do the child's instincts take an essentially human object. In contrast with this view, the direction taken by child analysts such as Melanie Klein or Donald Winnicott implies that "object relations" arise in the very first interactions: though feeding may be the central issue in the relationship between baby and parent, it is not the basis of it.

Supporters of Anna Freud and Melanie Klein fought a long and divisive battle over this issue, but the Kleinian view (which came to roost at the Tavistock Clinic) is much better supported by empirical work. Careful observers like Schaffer, Ainsworth, Wolff and Trevarthen have confirmed what most parents have known all along: that infants delight in their relationships - all the more so when they are not hungry; and they often become attached to people who do not feed them. Freud's Hobbesian conviction that we are born asocial appears, in the light of this, to be merely an ideological prejudice. Yet it is a prejudice which profoundly alters the view one takes of development, and even of the possibilities of therapy: for Anna Freud, the earliest relationships cannot be recapitulated in analysis, because in fact there is no relationship, on the child's side, to recapitulate. Thus - in contrast to the Kleinians - she holds that "the earliest mother-infant interactions by which the personality is shaped" cannot be undone.

It could be argued that Anna Freud's adherence to the "anacitic" view respects the letter of her father's work, but not its spirit: for Sigmund Freud, in keeping with his scientific ideals, made wholesale changes in his theory when confronted with awkward data. Whether or not this is true, however, the basic notions of psychoanalysis (of what-ever school) have profound implications for child psychology, and it is a sad reflection on the state of that discipline that few of the implications have been pursued. Anna Freud herself makes hardly any reference to non-analytic psychology, despite the fact that issues such as egocentricity, magical thinking, and problem-solving have been treated at length by Piaget and his followers, and despite the large quantity of empirical work on mother-infant interaction. Her arguments are addressed mostly to members of her own profession, and it is usually the case among the psychoanalytic community.

Yet it would be unfair to blame this isolationism on the analysts themselves: the dominant influence on present-day developmental psychology are Piaget, behaviourism, and linguistics, and all of these have stood scornfully aloof from psychoanalysis. As a result, psychology is largely silent on the issues which concern Anna Freud here - the relation between cognitive and social development, and between affect and cognition. These gaping holes will not even start to be filled until such work as hers receives its due recognition from academic psychology.

The Communists and the K Factor

By Patrick McCarthy

ALBERTO RONCHIEY:

Chi vincerà in Italia?

190pp. Milan: Mondadori. L8,500.

In *Chi vincerà in Italia?* Alberto Ronchey offers an analysis of recent Italian politics which turns into a diatribe against the Italian Communist Party (PCI). Ronchey, who is well known to readers of the *Courier della Sera* as well as of *La Repubblica* and *L'Espresso*, has popularized the term "K Factor" to describe the effect which a strong communist party has on the political system of a country. Because of its Leninist heritage a communist party can never come to power; condemned to permanent and radical opposition, it blocks the supposedly normal alternation of parties in government; this in turn makes the political system immobile and encourages the ruling party - in Italy the Christian Democrats (DC) - to abuse its power.

Ronchey retraces the history of the PCI, dwelling on the mid-1970s, which were the golden age of "euro-communism" and the "historic compromise". One remembers almost with nostalgia the desperate pleas of Enrico Berlinguer, Georges Marchais and Santiago Carrillo, all of them beaming as they announced the new Western European road to socialism. In 1973 Berlinguer had explained that Italian Communists and Catholics were historically destined to meet in a compromise that would usher in a new period in Italy's history.

These hopes faded, however, when the DC refused to accept the Italian Communists' proposed

the Communists back into rigid opposition and then supported the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. After dramatically throwing its support behind Mitterrand and settled for four humbly minor posts in the new government, Carrillo is at present battling to hold on to his position in Spain, while the PCI, after an unhappy period of being both in and out of the government from 1976 to 1979, is endeavouring to redefine its policy.

Ronchey is right to see 1979 as a watershed in Italian politics. The PCI lost support between 1976 and 1979 because it was associated with the government but had no real power. Like the Labour Party in England, it took responsibility for a deflationary economic policy; unlike the Labour Party, its legitimacy as a party of government was never fully accepted inside or outside Italy. The historic compromise was stifled at birth by the Red Brigades, the refusal of the DC rank-and-file to cooperate, and the disaffection of the PCI voters. Berlinguer was obliged to resume his ritualistic references to Lenin and to take the party back into opposition.

This seems a clear proof of the "K Factor", but Ronchey is surely wrong in deciding that such an outcome must inevitably be repeated. There is a dash of perversely Marxist theology in his view that Communists cannot change and are doomed to linger as ostracized, Leninist outcasts in Western Europe. Surely Leninism is no more inevitable than the collapse of capitalism. And indeed Berlinguer has been struggling since 1979 to define a line of opposition that is not merely a return to orthodoxy.

Amidst the confusion of the Vietnam-Cambodia war and the Vietnam-

China war, the Afghanistan invasion and the bellicose posture of President Reagan, the Italian Communists have inched further away from the Soviet Union. Even on the issue of the European missiles they have been no more critical of the US than some German social-democrats. Berlinguer would have liked to continue tipping away from Moscow but the Polish crisis forced him to condemn the imposition of martial law and to clash more bitterly than ever before in his party's history with the Russians. Where this will lead the PCI is not yet clear but at present Berlinguer is able to control the pro-Soviet group in his party.

At home the PCI has been obliged to take a tougher line because it was

too conciliatory during its years in the governmental majority. In the autumn of 1980, Berlinguer made the inflammatory statements in favour of the Fiat strikers only to see the same time he abandoned the historic compromise in favour of a "left-wing alternative" that has aroused little interest among the socialists. The PCI is going through a troubled period but one suspects that its hard line is more a matter of rhetoric than reality. It has no specific Italian Communist strategy for running the Italian economy and it cannot hope to influence political developments unless it forms alliances with other parties.

In short the end of the historic

Georgian House

The high court of dry rot, after a long Unreportable session behind a tight door. Has mouthed a verdict. Rafter knew what's wrong. Death and cremation. Up with my soft floors.

I've got to be rebuilt. Some new, banal Institutional all: is decided to fill my place. The whorls under the trees by the canal Have served the architect who'll save my face.

Dear beautiful young Volunteers who squat To guard my rule, how, when the guards arrive With riot gear and water gun, by what Tonnage of cracked slate crushed, can we survive?

Long may your strong hands chisel spongy wood To cure fungus, make bad flaws good.

Richard Murphy

compromise does not mean the end of the PCI's attempt to turn itself into a more moderate, more Western European party. Nowadays Communists are not very different from the rest of us. Like us they bicker and squabble, and Italian political commentators have great fun identifying the currents within the party - Giorgio Napolitano's "social democrats", Pietro Ingrao's "third way" group, the pro-Moscowites of Armando Cossutta, and so on.

Ronchey, however, insists that the PCI abjure its past publicly as the price for removing the "K Factor". But parties cannot just slough off their history, especially in Italy, where political culture is so important. A better tactic might be for all of us non-Communists, whether Italian or foreign, to declare that the PCI is no longer a Communist party. Berlinguer could and probably would protest but we would all behave as if he were the leader of a social democratic party. Perhaps that would be a better way to remove the "K Factor".

Ronchey's book is a useful guide to contemporary Italian politics but he should now write another book about the Christian Democrats. The existence of a strong Communist party is only part of a greater historical whole made up of such factors as the weakness of the Italian state, the special role of the Church, rapid post-war industrialization and the emergence of a powerful Christian Democratic movement. If the Communists are to change, other people must change too, but the DC is a peculiarly immobile party. And there is a second book waiting to be written about the fortunes of the Western European Communist parties in what one might - at the risk of inventing yet another catch-phrase - call the "post-eurocommunist" years.

By Keith Jeffery

DAVID FRENCH:
British Economic and Strategic Planning 1905-1915
191pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.50.
0 04 942174 3

Part of the received wisdom of modern history is the notion that the First World War acted as a catalyst on the development of most, if not all, modern social and political life. As Sellar and Yeatman perceptively observed, it was "the cause of nowadays". In strategic terms the war marked a shift away from the traditional idea of strategy as concerning little more than the purely operational requirements of armies and navies to the modern conception in which "strategic planning" involves all aspects of national life. This change stemmed from the unprecedented and widely unexpected scale of the Great War - the world's first experience of "total war". In keeping with the traditional notion, much of the writing on pre-war strategy has concentrated on military aspects, but David French's book marks a new and valuable departure from this approach.

Asserting that British policy "cannot be understood unless detailed attention is paid to the close connection between naval and military policies on the one hand and economic policies on the other", French identifies three possible "strategic policies as being available to the British government during the period in question. First was the policy of "business as usual", which underlay the majority of strategic assumptions in the pre-war period. It held that Britain could take the war in its stride and rely almost exclusively on traditional sources of strength - economic power and naval predominance - to sustain the war effort. This was wishful thinking, presupposing as it did both that France and Russia would be content to let Britain act as paymaster while they bore the brunt of the actual fighting, and that Germany was particularly vulnerable to economic blockade. The second strategic option entailed "transforming Britain into a nation in arms", by raising a conscription-scale army. In what the author aptly describes as "a fit of obsessional-mindedness", the Cabinet permitted Lord Kitchener to do just this after the outbreak of war. By the end of 1914 over one million men had been recruited. This "anarchic" manpower policy caused serious problems, not least by draining labour away from essential strategic industries, and it soon became apparent that a more systematic and centrally controlled approach to the national war effort was required.

Lloyd George, who himself had announced "business as usual" on August 4, 1914, was among the first of Britain's leaders to realize this. In February 1915 he declared that the war could not be "conducted on limited liability principles" and argued strongly that nothing short of an all-out economic and military effort would bring victory. Under his leadership this eventually was the strategy adopted.

French questions a number of suppositions relating to Britain's pre-war and early wartime experience. The first of these, propounded by historians such as A. J. P. Taylor and Arthur Marwick, asserts that Asquith's Liberal government was too wedded to a laissez-faire philosophy to run the war effort successfully. But the evidence of the "People's Budget", for example, demonstrates that the Liberals regarded state intervention as an acceptable technique of government. French suggests that if anyone had a doctrinaire attachment to laissez-faire it was the permanent officials in the Treasury, which Hankey described, with a strikingly contemporary ring, as "the least helpful of all the Government departments" profoundly reluctant to spend public money on anything at all. Even so, the truth of the matter lies before the realities of large-scale mobilization, which became apparent in the early months of the war, and which, as French argues, led to the whole such a disclaimer to spurious

limited liability" warfare was no longer a feasible policy.

Another supposition, offered by Fritz Fischer and Arno J. Mayer, stresses the "primary of domestic policy", and suggests that for the politicians in 1914 war presented a solution - or at least a valuable distraction - to acute domestic problems. Whatever may have been the case in Germany, French convincingly argues that in Britain the "expected social and economic consequences of a major war were regarded as being little short of catastrophic". He quotes one senior general in 1908 warning of the dangers to be expected after the outbreak of war from unrest among "the vast numbers of ignorant, underfed and discontented unemployed, together with the alien and criminal population". Similar, and equally unrealistic, fears of uncontrollable domestic disorder at times handicapped war planning in the late 1920s. Ironically, with the partial exception of Ireland, the war in fact marked a reduction in domestic social conflict in the United Kingdom. Pre-war planners underestimated both the "robustness" of industrial society and the "power of

simple patriotism.

One of the issues which concerned political and military leaders in the first year of war was the shortage of ammunition for the British guns on the Western Front. The "shell scandal" which broke in the spring of 1915 generally provided an opportunity for widespread criticism of government war policy and helped to set Lloyd George on the path to the premiership. But it illustrated grave administrative incompetence only in the broadest sense. French shows that in the years before the war the government's military advisers never would be required in battle; and after August 1914 the munitions industries were physically incapable of expanding production sufficiently rapidly to meet the demands of the war. Indeed, since 1907 government manufacturing capacity of private industry and in 1914 only four complete guns and two outfits of munitions were produced by the French for the army. Yet Sir John French stirred up the "shell scandal" in order both to mask his own tactical errors and blacken Kitchener at the

War Office. The author concludes that while the affair did not cause the collapse of Asquith's Liberal government, it marked the occasion for its fall and hastened the development of a fully organized war economy.

David French's book provides an important domestic and economic complement to the more specifically imperial and military perspective contained in such works as John Gooch's *The Plans of War*. It is also of considerable interest to students of British administrative history. It highlights the wide gulf - which in wartime becomes very costly indeed - between goals and means. It illustrates the obsessive secrecy which pervades British government. Sometimes this became simply ludicrous as in 1909 when Sir John Fisher refused to disclose the Admiralty's plans for their success depended on "suddenness and unexpectedness". French pinpoints the difficulty any government has in balancing long-term policy-making with the minutiae of day-to-day administration - strategy as opposed to tactics - and he demonstrates that the pressing demands of tactics made sensible strategic plan-

ning almost impossible. As a story of administrative muddle, confusion of purpose, faulty planning and back-to-mouth policy-making, the book might almost be said generally to represent the reaction of modern British government to large and apparently intractable problems.

Historians necessarily write with the benefit of hindsight, and it is perhaps a little less than fair to label the pre-war planners for lacking the gift of foresight quite so severely as French does. One wonders if the government before 1914 ever seriously espoused any policy other than "business as usual", since the perception of probable wartime requirements of electoral rhetoric and their devotion to radical reappraisal makes a major contribution to our understanding both of British policy before and during the First World War, and also of the enormous problems governments face in solving the critical question of supplying both guns and butter to a nation engaged in total war.

Acquired characteristics

By Paul Seabright

ASHOK S. GUHA:
An Evolutionary View of Economic Growth
139pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £8.95.
0 19 828431 4

Do not be misled by the dust-jacket on this slim but excellent book. It advertises a theory of "the survival of the fittest economic societies" and claims that "economic growth is an extension of organic evolution"; this seems to promise a rather far-fetched analogy between growth and the theory of natural selection. But the author is much less tempted than his blurb-writer suggests to jump on this part of the sociobiological bandwagon.

We are offered a theory of how economies evolve, in the sense of adapting to the exigencies of their environments; but it is a theory of much subtlety and complexity that wisely resists the temptation to push the Darwinian analogy at all far. Although its dynamics depend on the confrontation between the internal structure of a society and its environmental (military and demographic pressures or trading opportunities, for instance), the envisaged process of evolution is more Lamarckian than Darwinian. Economies change by learning and by responding to change rather than by simple weeding out of the losers. Unit economies rarely die; they hide their time. And those that were once the leanest and fittest, like Britain which after the Anglo-Dutch wars was uniquely placed to exploit the great opening up of the oceans to maritime trade, may find themselves becoming like dinosaurs in a changing world. But the prospect for the former masters of the globe is not annihilation, says the author, so much as "a future of genteel decay".

Ashok Guha's work falls into two main parts. In the first, theoretical part, the outlines of the theory are sketched. Four factors are isolated as primary driving forces of economic growth: increased exports to the rest of the world; the pressure of population growth upon natural resources; external military threat; and "demonstration effects", or the process of "techno-formation" via contact with other societies. The structure of an economy that determines its response to these factors can only be understood as a synthesis of many elements, political and sociological as well as strictly economic.

The author's exposition avoids the formal mathematics with which growth theorists are accustomed to display their wares - but on the whole such a disclaimer to spurious

exactitude is no more than honest, and should make the book accessible to the wider audience it deserves. There is a loss, though, by the end of the first part it is still not quite clear what is the relative importance either of all these different causal factors, or (more seriously) of the different structural features that determine an economy's capacity to respond.

However, the second part of the book makes up for any remaining uncertainty. Here Professor Guha applies his theory to a number of case studies in the history of economic development, in particular Britain, China, Japan, Russia and India. He does so with a remarkable command of material from a wide range of sources in the history, geography, sociology and economics of these societies. There are illuminating references also to classical Greece and medieval Christendom. In a book so short, these studies can be no more

than vignettes. But in the application of the theory many of its puzzling features are explained. For instance, the importance of "demonstration effects" depends crucially on whether social hierarchies are continuous (as in India) or "sharply polarised between a minute elite and a vast poor underdeveloped mass" (as in China). The effects of a population pressure also depend vitally on geography. In Japan, the importance of the sea and the lack of a long land frontier necessitating (as in China) a centralized and inflexible political structure, made the economy much more responsive to external pressures that impinged on the two nations in very similar ways.

Marxist growth theories, though rarely mentioned by name, are a continuous background presence throughout the book, like ghostly sparring partners for Guha's views. In a short but penetrating chapter on

"The Failure of the Market in Densely Populated Backward Societies" he argues powerfully that what matters most in exploiting low rates of accumulation is not simply the upper limit on savings determined by the rate of surplus-value. International capital mobility, he argues, would tend to remove this constraint on growth if it were the only one. What matters is whether the surplus is invested productively or wasted in a perennial orgy of conspicuous consumption. The key, Guha suggests, is the structure of domestic markets and the opportunities they offer for economies of scale - and consequently for a high rate of return on investment. Where these were lacking, as in China, "the critical limit to growth was set, not by the rate of surplus, but by the rate of profit as the determinant of the inducement to invest".

In a book that is both so ambitious and so short, any reviewer will have his grouches. I have two: first, that the author's model of population growth is excessively Malthusian, and gives little consideration to the possibility that differential success in stabilizing populations within the Malthusian limit (success due perhaps to the effect of development itself) may have an important explanatory role. Secondly, in an attempt to define a measure of the welfare due to growth that does not depend on the satisfaction of wants induced by the "demonstration effect", Guha appeals to a "biological" criterion combining population growth and longevity. This is neither anchored in "biological survival value" - longevity beyond the end of reproductive potential has no adaptive value - nor plausibly in welfare, though it has some connexion with both. For once, the analogy with biological evolution has proved too tempting.

Grouches apart, this is a most stimulating book. It is, alas, too discursive in too short a space to make the major contribution to either growth theory or economic history which we must hope for from Professor Guha in the future. But it says more than is worth reading than many a book five times its length.

Representative Government and Economic Power (208pp. Heinemann Educational Books. £6.95. 0 435 83181 X) by David Coomes is produced by the Policy Studies Institute. Part One is on "The Nature of the Problem" which is "in effect, that of how an advanced industrialized society like Britain can be governed". Part Two is on "The Search for Consensus" and contains sections on "Devolution of Responsibility" and "Technocracy and the Civil Service". The third part is on "Pluralism and Political Renewal" and has among its sections "The Direct Representation of Industry" and "The Limits of Corporation".

The Experts

A man who knows everything about pigeons is talking to a man who thinks he's a Roman. They are fishing the waters of the Kennet, a stream that rises in the Marlborough Downs, but what they come up with is chunky terraces, the ruined remains of an inundated pavement. Few are the pleasures that can compare with those afforded by a Berkshire July. Everything has a Latin name or speaks with the hollow mouth of history, sits in a stand of trees and calls to you or drags you underground and breaks your bones. At the next peg downstream their hirsute neighbour has left his rod in its rest and is having lunch. Holly-leaves in lard in a rich bronze pan punctuate the noonday with their distinctive crackle and a rainbow left by the recent showers bends into the woods on the opposite bank. It was here, he says, that a blacksmith once heard a prolonged and derisive burst of cheering that kept him sober ever afterwards, at home with his wife and more careful of his horse and the custom of his native shire. "In Gertrude Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*", runs the cheerful banter along the bank, "there are ox-shoes with fullered grooves and calkins, and drag rakes and heel rakes with split willow handles." They take their meridian ease, these labouring men, as experts in the field have always done. Lying on their elbows and beneath the open sky they ponder the stolen grass, the common stream, and as the thirty ground dries out again, flex their muscles a bit, fall to blooming, throw chips of twig and ancient dung around, then belch, fall silent, and finally fall asleep.

Peter Didsbury

Invasion of the inscrutables

By D. J. Enright

WILLIAM F. WU:
The Yellow Peril
Chinese Americans in American Fiction 1850-1940
241pp. Hamden, Connecticut: Archon
\$25.
0 208 01915 4

William F. Wu's all too well attested thesis is that the Yellow Peril (to wit, the real or supposed threat to the United States posed by Asians and particularly Chinese) is "the overwhelmingly dominant theme in American fiction about Chinese Americans" between 1850 and 1940. It was in the late 1870s, on the West Coast, that the fictional stereotypes hardened: in such novels as *Almond-Eyed: The Great Agony*, a story of the Day by Atwell Whitney and Robert Woltor's *A Short and Truthful History of the Taking of Oregon and California by the Chinese in the Year A. D. 1899*. The leader of the invasion in the latter pseudo-history, Prince Tsu Fungyan, is said to bear less resemblance to a human being than to Milton's Satan (perhaps the first appearance of that piece of stereotypy); while a story called "The Battle of Wabash" (1880) by one Lorelei depicts an America with three Chinese to every white, the decapitation of a chicken replacing a hand on the Bible in oath-taking, and a Chinese billionaire running for President in 2080, followed by the eponymous battle ending with five million Chinese casualties and virtually no whites left at all.

The social phenomena behind what was to be a long succession of less than truthful fictions are believed to be the fear, especially strong among Irish immigrants, of a flood of cheap labour from war-torn China, and the apparently basic differences between the Chinese and other immigrant groups such as the Poles, or indeed the Irish. The Chinese were un-Christian, unmonogamous, given to strange foods and (in times of need) infanticide.

What makes tecs tick?

By Patricia Craig

DENNIS PORTER:
The Pursuit of Crime
Art and Ideology in Detective Fiction
267pp. Yale University Press. £14.
0 300 02722 2

Dennis Porter's concern is not so much the body of detective fiction as the bare bones: the unchanging structural components of the genre. These, of course, are so distinctive and straightforward that they can be easily identified - and, once identified, deconstructed, de-ranged, re-viewed, dis-mantled, what you will. Porter keeps the Formalist/Structuralist approach in mind throughout, though his own method is sufficiently flexible to accommodate more traditional forms of literary analysis and assessment. It is also exceptionally painstaking: everything encompassed in the pursuit of crime-writing is assiduously pursued.

What you notice straight away, however, is a glut of metaphors, as though the activity of writing might be enlarged and illumined by association with various other pursuits. There is, it seems, no limit to the range of analogies to be drawn (though there is, perhaps, a limit to their usefulness). A detective novel - or any novel, for that matter - is for Porter, not just a book; it is a sculpted object, a journey without maps, a treasure hunt, an obstacle race, a chase, a spreading stain, a crooked path, a tactical retreat before an advancing reader, a game with precise rules, even a meal to be consumed. Even, good heavens, a *bañ*.

And of course, an erotic experience: narrative has traditionally been con-

and hideboundly unassimilable - especially when given little chance to assimilate. Much of this instant characterization derived from disappointed missionaries and frustrated diplomats. Chinese immigrants were for long disqualified from testifying in courts of law and thus unable to defend themselves: hence, fairly naturally, the growth of traditional-style benevolent associations and the rise of the less traditional and less benevolent gangs or "secret societies".

For writers, the Chinese became the new and local exotic, throwing Shylock's Jewish ménage into the shade, even surpassing in its attractions the Italian dukes (poison, incest, corruption notwithstanding) so dear to our Jacobean horror-dramatists, and reducing the indigenous blacks and Red Indians to fodder for the kiddies. In what seems like no time, a notably industrious people (miners, railroad labourers, servants, laundresses), respectable, civil and if not exactly God then ancestor-fearing, were herded into Chinatowns, snuffing with slave-prostitutes, murder, treachery, opium-smoking and generalized degeneracy - including gambling and inscrutability.

In the early years of the present century Jack London wrote about unsavoury Chinese shrimp catchers around the San Francisco Bay, and also about China, in the shape of "a flood of yellow life", invading the rest of the world in 1976 ("his socialism is not evident here", comments Dr Wu). The world is saved only when an American scientist comes up with a device for dropping the germs of every known form of plague on the Chinese, who are then "completely eliminated". London can hardly be said to have rectified the balance in two stories concerning Chinese immigrants in Hawaii (not quite the US of A?), amiable though these are. One of his heroes, Chun Ah Chun, works hard, amasses a fortune, is barred from a fancy hotel in Macao on grounds of race, buys the hotel and sacks the management.

produces (quite monogamously) fifteen children who are half-Chinese, one-sixteenth Italian, one-sixteenth Portuguese, one-thirtieth second Polynesian and eleven thirty-seconds Anglo-Saxon, and finally retires to live in solitary peace and quiet in his native Amoy.

A particularly mean sub-category of stories would seem to be directed against the theory that, say what else you may, the Chinese make good domestic servants. An author called C. E. B. (1884) has a laundress who spits water on the clothes when ironing them, and Mary T. Mott (1882) features servants who variously wash their feet in the dishpan, spoil flannels by boiling them, and use the oven to cremate polecats whose ashes then go into native medicine. Even worse, some of them get fresh with white women by kissing their hands (this is OK, one story implies, if the woman is Italian), though such misconduct may be offset by occasionally saving white females from earthquakes, fires and other domestic calamities. Loyalty is a well-known Chinese characteristic; as is also treachery.

No doubt, where there's smoke, there's fire (or, give a dog a bad name and soon he will be eating puppies as well as rats), but popular fiction has rarely succeeded in producing so much smoke out of one different story, however. In his tales of western frontier life Bret Harte showed himself sympathetic towards the Chinese; at the worst, as in "See Yup" (1898), his orientals are cleverer at cheating than the whites who set out to cheat them; while Ambrose Bierce, though he never presented the Chinese positively, made what Dr Wu calls "negative efforts" on their behalf: that is, he was less pro-Chinese than their persecutors. Then there were the missionary writers, much agitated over the buying and selling of young women and the use of opium, that notorious religion of the poor, but keen to show the salvatory effects of

conversion on their erstwhile heathen characters. Nellie Blessing Eyster's *A Chinese Quaker: An Unofficial Novel* (1902), for example, describes both the evil aspects of San Francisco's Chinatown and the good that, with the help of Christianity, can come out of it. We hear for once of a complexion blending the rose with the olive, a skin not pock-marked but as smooth as ivory, and large, soft and dark eyes: "A Chinese Adonis!" she mentally exclaimed. However, Dr Wu reproaches the author for asserting that the Chinese eat rats and are deficient in family affection.

More accurate in their details were the occasional stories written by American Chinese or half-Chinese. Edith Eaton ("Sui Sin Far"), who was born in England in 1867 to an English father and a Chinese mother but moved to the United States as a child, thus acquiring "a clear understanding of bicultural pressures"; and H. T. Tsiang, the titles of whose novels of the 1930s suggest his sympathies with the Communist Revolution in his native land: *China Red* and *And China Has Hands*. The realism produced by actual knowledge of the situations portrayed ("a rare and valuable contribution to the fiction on this subject", Dr Wu comments coolly) is also shown in *Lim Yik Choy* (1932), the fictional biography of an orphaned Chinese immigrant who becomes a Christian, tangles with Irish Americans (again), proves a fine football-player despite racist opposition, befriends a black shoeshine, and goes to Canton to run an orphanage. The author, Charles R. Shepherd, was himself superintendent of a home for orphaned Chinese American boys in California.

Some entertainment can be derived from Dr Wu's complaints about minor inaccuracies: in his chosen field, or swamp, in "Behind the Devil Screen", an "action-packed melodrama" of 1921, James Hanson commits the solecism of giving a Manchu a Cantonese name and dresses long coats in tweeds, silk shirts, striped socks and fedoras. *La Mafra*, in C. W. Doyle's series of stories, *The Shadow of Quong Lung* (1900) - by way of introduction the author remarks that the best thing to do with San Francisco's Chinatown would be to burn it down, "but the scheme is too Utopian to be discussed in a mere preface" - one of the plots hinges on a scribe who writes people's letters for them because they speak different dialects. Alas, dialect exists - not at all in the preferred modes of irony in American and English works in the genre. Considering the detective hero, Porter traces his literary ancestry back to his opposite, the dashing bandit or highwayman, and shows how the glamour attaching to spectacular wrongdoing was transferred in the end to the activities of the infallible investigator (embodied most strikingly in Sherlock Holmes).

It has been recognized for some time that the detective formula, what Porter calls its "characteristic mix of digressive and progressive elements", may be truthfully distorted - redesigned as "a trap to catch a reader" (Borges and Robbe-Grillet), given a "metaphysical" dimension ("Time is always guilty", Auden wrote in the poem "Detective Story") or put out of joint by incorporating an unauthoritative enigma in place of a clear-cut solution. It isn't only the post-modernists, of course, who have turned popular literary conventions to their own uses. The typical Henry James novel (for example) gets a new classification here - a detective story of the moral life - in an interesting final chapter which considers works that might be said to expand the genre (parodies and "re-inventions" included). In what, on the whole, a diligent and cogent piece of work, Porter practices demystification on the mystery story, and adumbrates an approach to detective fiction in which it is not only the corpse that does the decom-

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and Elizabeth Sax Rohmer, 1972), and the good, equally well-named Charlie Chan, brain-child of Earl Derr Biggers.

Fu Manchu (1913-59), that grander ancestor of the neurotic Dr No, was of British provenance, neighbourhood of Gerrard Street, but emigrated to the United States, and became the hero/villain of books sold in millions, films, radio and TV adaptations and comic strips. Described by his creator as possessing "a brow like Shakespeare's and a face like Satan", "the yellow peril incarnate in one man", he was a large-scale international adventurer (busy in one novel engineering the election of one of his white servants to the Presidency), specializing in ingenious assassination by means of animals (scorpions, adders, baboons, mice), and giving offence - in reality - to the "humourless" government of China. Moreover, he fathered Fah Lo Suee, prettier, but morally no improvement, owner of "an unforgettable hand, delicious yet repellent, with pointed, varnished nails", "a long oval contour" and "slight, curving hips" etc. sexually available (thus doing the image of Asian womanhood no good at all) and treacherous in the extreme.

While also appearing in serial and feature films, Charlie Chan (1925-32) was Fu Manchu's opposite in practically every respect: to begin with, a Hawaiian Chinese (sharing the relative innocuousness of, say, a Channel-Islands Frenchman) and, as a police detective in Honolulu and San Francisco, supporting white law and order and supremacy. A white man's Chinik in short. If Fu Manchu, tall and lean, resembles Satan, Charlie Chan is rather nearer to Mr Pickwick: short, fat and piggy (not yellow), with cheeks "chubby as a baby's", affable, mild, calm, very much a family man. He is given, disarmingly, to aphorisms in the style of "Confucius say" and to flowery language: "Relinquish the firearms, Mr. Jenson, or I am forced to make fatal insertion in vital organ belonging to you." Fu Manchu of course speaks impeccable English, altogether superior to that of the wretched whites who litter his path. What the two have in common is an egregious share of cleverness.

To repeat that no doubt oriental proverb, where there is opium smoke there is conflagration. And the sinister stereotype of the Chinese was confirmed by the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 (Japanese, Chinese, what's the difference?), and again by the Korean and Vietnam wars. What is now needed, Dr Wu says in conclusion, is that serious attention should be paid to fiction written by the Chinese Americans themselves, "the source material that can best counter the racist presentations of characters such as Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan". He doesn't actually mention any names, but one springs to mind: the semi-fictional Maxine Hong Kingston.

History has a habit of transferring the boot to the other foot. I remember, how, some twenty years ago, on the Chinese island of Singapore, Han Suyin (half-Belgian, please note) was in disgrace for promulgating "yellow culture", as it was officially known, through such sexist fiction and non-fiction as *A Many Splendoured Thing*. Concurrently I was myself in trouble for semi-facetiously protesting against a ban on juke-boxes and for teaching Wordsworth and Milton. The term "yellow culture" embraced any form or channel of foreign influence or foreign values deemed likely to imperil the development of a brand-new and pure-minded (also single-minded) nation. Han Suyin was teaching at the Chinese-medium Nanyang University, and I at the older, colonial University of Singapore. Between us, you would have thought, we had contrived to turn two respectable educational institutions into veritable Chinatowns, with all that the dread name implies. Like Fu Manchu, we were yellow perils incarnate. As Confucius says: More different, more same.

The Interval

The night Smeigmenov defected was Entertainement Night: Mephisto, and the Delegation crammed into one box -

a burbling jostle, and someone squeezed at the front pretending to fall, half leaning out, but his hands

locked on the plush sill. Then the curtain lifted on Germany - a black girl dancing; a blond man.

This was the 1930s: a quick tour flickering tawny, and her whole body tuned in its capering two-step.

As if he might fly, the man watched with his arms wide, tottered his first few steps, paused, and the story began.

What did Smeigmenov see? In the interval, there he was gone, and a delegate saying I saw him leave. He was sick -

he was holding his side. But don't worry a bit - he'll easily find his way. I'll phone the hotel.

Next was an attic room - paper snow outside, mobbing a streetlamp, and inside the girl on a rickety bed

with the man by her door. He scowled, standing aloof in his new stiff uniform. My dear. You must vanish

at once. Tonight. I cannot know you now. Here are the tickets - and offered her money.

She stayed as he found her, bent double, not looking at him, and shaving her legs - the razor scraping its beautiful furrows

lazily backwards and forwards, peeling the soapy wafers off and down to the bowl at her feet. Before she had finished, a door

was quickly opened and closed at a private address, and a phone on a bare hotel bedside table rang, with no one to answer.

Then she was facing him, blissing Hate you. I hate you. I hate you - her desperate whisper cracking as anger changed into fear.

Andrew Motion

Competition, held every five years, jointly organised by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the National Book League.

It is open to illustrations newly published 1977-82 and entries must reach Book House by April 16th. There are five awards.

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The best entries will be exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1983. The panel of judges will be Dan Fern, Michael Foreman, Dame Elisabeth Frink, David Gentleman, Professor Herbert Spencer.

Details, entry forms, from Francis Williams Illustration Awards, National Book League, Book House, 45 East Hill, London SW18 2QZ. 01-870 9055

Disguise and sudden departure

By Valentine Cunningham

MAURICE DUGGAN:
Collected Stories
Edited and Introduced by C. K. Stead
379pp. Oxford University Press.
£19.50.
0 19 647993 2

Some writers sport their proteanlike a badge of their power. Assuming styles and putting on selves in abundance, able to be and become others with ease, allowing platoons of other authors and characters to speak through them; their deft acts of mimicry and masking, their swagging multitudinousness dazzle and amaze. In others, however, the resort to variousness of voice and manner is a sorry sign of uncertainty, even terror; the symptom of a desperate search for a writing self of one's own, a persona that will come good and stay put. Maurice Duggan, the New Zealand writer who died in 1974 at the age of fifty-two, was of the latter sort. These *Collected Stories*, issued as a kind of official attempt to fix Duggan's achievement for the world, fix him only as an unfixed writer, engaged in an endless effort to arrange selves for himself - selves that, over and over, he straightaway undoes, dissolves and discards.

Duggan knows his trouble; and he knows that it is trouble. Being unsettled, having to keep resorting to new masks, does not solve but only exacerbates his problem. The strategies of "disguise and sudden departure", he says in "Riley's Handbook" (clearly intended as a major fictional manifesto), "have not been enough". In "Now is the Hour" Duggan watches the Lenihan family saying goodbye to the boy Terry, pretending griefs they only half feel and perplexedly sensing the plight this suggests. Harry

looked at his stepmother, painting her mouth, repairing the ravages of rain or of tears. The momentary impression he had, that seemed to say that he had been taken in, astonished him. Would he ever be able to tell what was real and what was not? With audience and spectators gone were they to be themselves again - and what was that?

Duggan's narrators repeatedly just after women whose clothes or skins fit them tightly - the "sheathed calf and the silken sinew of the thigh", "that tight flare of haunch, those small tight side-dimpled buttocks". This close-fittingness rebukes his own borrowed plumes, his own masks that slip and sag. Duggan is not even one of those authors who start out uncomfortably in cobbled-together togas which they eventually, like obliging children, find they've grown into - there is a startling contrast, for example, between D. M. Thomas's fidgety and awkward first novel and the way his second one carries itself so confidently. Duggan starts off feeling awkward in his skin and stays that way. His tales remain a galaxy of try-outs, an array of pastiches stuffed with too many acquired modes.

Now, here's a pseudo-Hemingway, toughing along with the plain man's sparseness: that Brits commonly associate with New Zealand writers. Now he's having a go at being Henry James, finely pausing, resolutely irresolute. (Hemlock could, however, deny to Miss Mallory: fullness of reply she sought; and this, with a disdain, she did. But she could not, even for such reasons, entirely refrain. "She wouldn't even venture to wonder what that might be: she had no need to give a name to what was feeling sharp enough to count as knowledge"). Frequently he hovers about the Hopkinsesque, with a language rich in compound words. On Auden's that's short on definite articles. On others he goes all Graceland: "He walked down the aisle relishing a new conception of himself in a dark and sinful role, passionately apart. Out of the

Catechism he had made a sad romance, out of evil a pale sadness").

Duggan came, of course, from Irish Catholic stock and he returned most often to Irish roles - of all his personae, Irish ones seem to have come most naturally to him. But which Irish writer was he finally to settle for? He can do a fine Beckett, act the president of ills, master of bodily diseases, superintendent of the medicine chest. He's good at being Flann O'Brien, mockingly heroic. He can play the Joyce of *Finnegans Wake*, a trawler among lexicons, his baroque prose clotting as it welcomes the excesses of Gaudi's exuberant cathedral in Barcelona, his Riley the Penman a calculated copy of Joyce's Shem the Penman ("litter by letter spelling it out and cheek by cur like the rest of us, Riley the penman. What's the scribble?"). He can do a sharp early Joyce - a favourite role of Duggan's, this - deploring Catholic childhoods and Catholic narrowness, struggling keenly against God and priests and clerical schoolmasters. "In Youth is Pleasure" for example, in which manicured Brother Mark goads the rural, dim and despairing schoolboy Hopkins during Latin lessons, is a wonderfully faithful copy of one of Joyce's great manners. But a triumph of loyal imitation like this doesn't arrest Duggan's continual fret to be investing in new styles or reverting to discarded ones.

The lad Hopkins's school career comes to an end in "In Youth is Pleasure" when, in spite of Brother Ignatius's kind interventions, he's driven finally to strike his tormentor. This story's finality is not all that common in Duggan's work. Frequently he's lacking in formal conclusiveness as he is in ultimately satisfying destinations for his characters and himself. As he is continually starting over again as an author, so his characters are kept forever just starting out in life. Duggan's repeated play is some ritual of beginning, another act of breaking out and departing, one more packing of bags, leaving home, flouting mother, obeying father, chucking the missal away, resolving to go to mass no more, losing all kinds of virginity. Duggan's people are forever beginning voyages of discovery. And they do, to be sure, have an interesting time while they're out and away. But they never arrive anywhere, become anything, lasting or that amounts to very much. And soon they and Duggan will start the whole process all over again.

The major cause of continuing frustration, it soon becomes clear, is New Zealand. Like Joyce's Ireland, it is a puritan and narrowing place, riven by racial tensions between Maori and white and by religious hostilities between Catholic and Protestant. It's "so small and stinking a country". Characteristically, "O'Leary's Orchard", the forces of mothers, churches and policemen combine to close down a new play that has a flash of female nakedness in it. The mother in "Along Rideout Road that Summer" is always busy about some hanging and flogging business; the father is "solid for intolerance, mac, but solid", and given to small-town moral bromides "typical of his ilk or ilk". Like Auden's England, New Zealand is far from, and very far from being, the great good place. "This is definitely not Paris or New York," declares a Professor of Drama, Auden's Dover sloop. "On the edge of that air that makes England of minor importance." Europe was within reach. But even the edges of New Zealand are an uttermost of distance from the world's centres of literary significance. Letters from New Zealand, as one of Duggan's narrators laments, are "charmingly batty", with that downright postmark, looking as foreign as anything I have ever seen; why the bookish lad in "Along Rideout Road", soaked in "Kubla Khan" and eager for maidens with dildos, is so desperate to change his place and situation. It's also why Duggan's writing craves experiences and selves originating elsewhere than where he comes from - as in "Voyage", a Malcolm Lowry-like

progress around the world, a desperate process of picking up foreign places and the manners of writers about such places: Hari Crane, Melville, D. H. Lawrence, all travelled men. Indeed, almost anywhere will do better than New Zealand.

With a little malice we showed her the school-atlas map of the world and pointed to New Zealand. It is small, Catalina cried. Is there room? She examined the map as though she had never seen such a thing before: it was a gesture of politeness. But people in Oceania would be French, she believed. She thought she had heard it said. We compared the size of Mallorca with the size of New Zealand; Catalina stared at the tiny dot in the Mediterranean. But it is central, she said. It is near. And she smoothed her fingers over Europe.

Alas, this constant straining after Europe and the world outside New Zealand that occupies so much of Duggan's ambition was just about the worst possible thing for the health and strength of his writing. Bluntly, his fiction is at its best when it comes closest to home. It has to be conceded that even at such moments Duggan keeps a soft spot for the early Joyce. But on the wisest of these occasions Joyce has usually been firmly expropriated, adapted, transposed into a truly New Zealand Catholic Irishy, and a style that resists the master's route leading to merely verbal lushness and to *Finnegans Wake*. The inevitable whiff of Joyce aside, Duggan's best work is a quiet native fiction which settles for the low key that in other moods - perhaps even in all moods - Duggan found irksome. It's a fiction that pays attention to the rich detail of New Zealand's landscapes, brought alive in loving descriptions of New Zealand things ("shining coins of water", "jubes of flesh"), in a prose with its eye on native earth, compellingly full of Craig Raine poems ("the clothes-hanger says - never, admitted, getting far from the joycean 'randynancy' with which 'Riley the rodomontic roddman' pursues 'fructulent Anna', but keyed up for New Zealand women, especially Maori girls. Above all, the best moments are those which, while they bemoan the stinging, carping meanness of the people New Zealand has produced, nevertheless offer them forgiving fictional house-room. At such moments the view is consciously constricted - a lot of Duggan people look at scenes through tiny windows. It can be so blurred and distancing that it naturally tempts the observer to scorn ('Sylvia ramps her glass in front of her face and looked at Paday and Grace through the brown liquor. The bright hot room darkened and became remote and still. In her childhood there had been a coloured panel in a door which gave her, as she raised herself to peer, just this sense of being huge, and outside everything.") But it can be a way of seeing that's sufficiently vivid to rival anybody's gaze through the glass of fiction, including Joyce's.

As the children Harry and Margaret Lenihan in "Race Day" watch the backs of their retreating parents through both the wrong and the right ends of binoculars, the dissatisfaction of childhood well up and wash about their viewing. But Margaret also, feels the magic, both of this moment of vision and of the stories of the father she beholds: "What she saw was indistinguishable from what she felt and that brogue, telling tales, lay under her childhood like foundations of water. The tales seemed to whisper to her now from the magic glass."

It's a great pity that, once Duggan had achieved this sort of unsentimentally accepting, limiting, limited, but magical New Zealand vision, he didn't stick with it. Quitting the undecoded narrowness of the superb "Along the Rideout Roads" or "Blues for Miss Laverty" for the modernist big-time and the Wakefulness of "Riley's Handbook" would be a regrettable move in anybody's case. It's especially so in the case of this unapplied unsentimental betrayer of his own best, native, self.

What's wrong with Cranmer

By J. L. Houlden

DAVID MARTIN and PETER MULLEN
Editors
No Alternative
The Prayer Book Controversy
238pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £9.50
(paperback, £3.95).
0 631 12974 X

The view has been expressed that, of all the branches of theological study, liturgy is much the most dangerous: it narrows a man and makes him bigoted. Counter-examples can easily be cited, but the point is the tension between the Church of England and the State. Any attempt to bypass them, for whatever cause, would have been a severe threat to that relationship.

But even if the work of revision had been put on a better footing and so been much delayed in execution, it would not have satisfied many of the complainants whose often strident reactions are gathered in *No Alternative*. Not that they are a clique, hired to shout their slogans in unison - though one or two write as if such a role would be congenial. Not all express devotion to the Book of Common Prayer, and some, notably David Cockerell in the wisest essay in the book ("Why Language Matters?"), think the revisers have not gone far enough or have gone in the wrong direction. Some do little more than let us, in subjective analyses of services or personal feelings, "What the Prayer Book means to me". Some point to alleged defects of the new book which are simply at the level of individual preference, such as all of us could express - and get serious discussion no whit further. Some claim for particular devotional theories and attitudes an absoluteness which they do not possess: they can be countered by others, equally compelling in certain circumstances. Not all betray the attractive pastoral sense of W. H. Vanstone, who, as might be expected from the author of one of the most profound expressions of practical theological reflection to have appeared in recent years (*Love's Endeavour, Love's Expense*), places the whole matter in a wide and deep setting. And some write superficially and even ignorantly, one seeming not to think of the Authorized Version as a translation at all (with the question of accuracy therefore having relevance) but only as a literary entity.

But two themes recur. There is the matter of language, where effective defence of the new services is hard. And there is the matter of the over-enthusiasm of the clergy in pressing their into use. The two themes seem quite different, but they come together in the context of the pastoral situation with which the clergy (and more frequently than is admitted here, their congregations) feel themselves confronted. We may find a starting-point in the essays in this collection which testify to the spirituality which their writers have found in and built upon the Prayer Book services. The very subjectivity of these accounts means both that they cannot claim too much for themselves and that others may, with as much validity, present their own quite different styles of spirituality.

That word brings us closest to the nub of the matter. Some of the contributors to this book display such one-sidedness and wild mockery that, as a work of spirituality, the Prayer Book, with its emphasis on the penitence, submissiveness and godliness, may seem to have left little mark on them. But let us allow that they have been vigorous threat to the deeply valued vehicle of their public prayer. May we still not ask them to recognize two factors, one more general, the other more specific to the Alternative Service Book?

The general factor is that no conceivable prayer book could incorporate a full range of valid or desirable Christian ways of worship. The elements in human - and Christian - spiritual aspiration which legitimately claim expression are too many, too

varied, too much in flux. Those who, with much justification, extol the virtues of the Prayer Book ways of spirituality show a weakness in their reluctance to admit the value of other ways which happen not to help them. It must be said that by no means all the present essayists go as far as this: many of them simply want to get more of a share of the available liturgical cake.

The more specific factor is that the popularity of the Alternative Service Book and its widespread adoption cannot all be put down to trendy clerical and inert laity. Whatever its weaknesses, it has won many adherents. No doubt part of the truth is that we do not live in an age of liturgical discrimination, whether among clergy or their congregations, and there is no clear view of what the language of liturgy in modern English should be like. But there is more to it than that. Liturgy is a great deal more than words, and the great words fill the book, liturgy involves all the elements of staging. The comparison with a play is apt: a play may read badly, but "come off" in the theatre. It must be performed to be rightly judged. There are matters of presentation, architecture, music and atmosphere; there is the disposition of actors and audience. All these factors find correspondences in liturgy, with, of course, the special and overriding factor of Christian appropriateness in the widest sense. When the Alternative Service Book "comes off", it is where, prayerfully and imaginatively used, it chimes in with the spirituality of those involved - answers with sufficient authenticity to their sense of God, limited (perhaps impoverished in certain ways, but rich in others) as that necessarily is.

Here the lumbering committees that nowadays create liturgies may have displayed a certain horse-sense. They have produced what, with all its defects theologically and aesthetically, the consumer could use to his profit. No doubt that shows up, partly, the consumer's inadequacies, but it also illuminates his strengths. His spirituality may have a tendency to earthboundness, but at least it is for everyday. His sense of the sacred, though some of it will enter in where it offers appropriate aid. The weakness is the effective demise of a great deal more than the Book of Common Prayer, and the result of contemplating such a policy is to make the Alternative Service Book look obsolete already.

Many parish priests find themselves, perhaps despite inclination, perhaps not fully consciously, perhaps after struggling to adopt the first option, impelled to work with the second. It may now be the case that they are often insufficiently assured of their own formation in the Christian culture to work with the first, whatever their wish and what ever may be possible on other grounds. But if they do decide to adopt the first option, then there is much to be said for giving, full blast, the Book of Common Prayer. The question is whether it is still capable of really helping many people either for faith or for life, in the way it has deeply helped so many, down to the generation represented in some of the more personal articles in *No Alternative*. The debate they represent has about it an air of unreality, and even if the Liturgical Commission did not recognize it, those who use their products often feel it in their bones.

The *Prayer Book of Michelino da Besozzo*, with an introduction by Colin Easler (137pp. New York: Braziller, available in the UK through Zwemmer, £30; 0-8076-1016-X), contains in a gilt-stamped leather binding and slip-case reproductions from the Pierpont Morgan Library illuminated manuscript M.944. The twenty-two surviving full-page illuminations with their flowered borders by the great Milanese master of the International Gothic Style (c.1368-c.1450) are included together with their facing prayer pages and twenty-five other prayer pages. The text was illuminated by Michelino in about 1410.

The movement has come too late. And it poses the wrong question. Its supporters have in common with their opponents the wish to commend and express the Christian faith in worship in our society. But what

is involved is more far-reaching than two alternative books of services, each with its strengths and weaknesses. It is rather a matter of two possible options for the transmission of the Christian faith. They are not mutually exclusive, but it may often be necessary to choose which is to have priority, and they are quite distinct in principle.

The first option is to go for the handing on of the Christian faith within a cultural package (Bible, hymns, prayers, saints, Gothic, hasp, pews - all the familiar features, central and peripheral alike). It is the traditional way. The difference now is that this culture is neither dominant nor familiar in the ethos of society at large. To preserve it in such circumstances means not only vast effort but also creating something of the life of the ghetto - special measures to educate the young and fill their minds with "Christian knowledge" and kindle their imaginations with "holy" symbols, all on a scale for which their ordinary education makes scarcely any provision. Every parish priest knows how impractical such a programme now is. But there is the deeper weakness that those involved will become culturally alien in the (surely God-given) society around them, and with all their information, may never catch the essence of the Gospel of which it is but the trappings. Indeed, the culture they assimilate may positively divert them from the Gospel's realism and the hard business of living it out in "the real world". Even if we suppose that there is no single "real world" and that society is, culturally, a network of sects, there is still here a kind of separateness which is not integral to the content of the Christian faith itself.

The second option is to go for formation in the essential characteristics of the Christian faith and character: attentive prayerfulness, singleness of devotion, simplicity of life, the primacy of love, humility and faith, the enlargement of hope. Such qualities may be brought out by methods which involve very little of the traditional Christian cultural equipment, though some of it will enter in where it offers appropriate aid. The weakness is the effective demise of a great deal more than the Book of Common Prayer, and the result of contemplating such a policy is to make the Alternative Service Book look obsolete already.

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Against authority

By Jack Dominian

PIERRE SOLIGNAC:
The Christian Neurosis
168pp. SCM. £5.50.
0 334 01934 6

A paradox faces Christianity – on the one hand church attendances are falling, vocations to the ministry and religious life are decreasing, and there is a general decline of official Church life; on the other, belief in God remains high, there is an avid hunger for the spiritual, religious books sell well and grass-roots Christian movements proliferate. Thus there is a conflict between the official Church and religious people. What is the nature of this conflict? This book, first published in France some five years ago and written by a psychiatrist, attempts to give a comprehensive explanation as far as Roman Catholicism is concerned, although its observations are applicable to a wider circle and merit its title.

Pierre Solignac starts his observations in his consulting-room. The book is littered with case-histories of psychosomatic illness, anxiety, depression and neurosis, men and women suffering from asthma, stomach ulcers, insomnia, fear, fatigue and misery of all kinds are described. The question arises whether the author's practice is in any way peculiar and the answer is that it is not; in this country I too, as a doctor, have met with hundreds of Christians with similar complaints. But what is unique about these men and women, surely these conditions prevail among non-Christians as well? Solignac's answer is that all these patients had a Christian upbringing which was dominated by rigidity, fear, guilt, suppression of the joy of sex and generally of all pleasure. In other words, a faith which claims to be liberating, and to emphasize love, freedom and life, has nevertheless managed to produce followers who are frightened, fragile, wounded and afraid of freedom and of love. They are therefore incapable of coping with the emerging needs of Christianity, which is looking for different qualities based on self-direction and determination, inner responsibility, love of self and neighbour. As a result of the conflict they become ill or depart from the Church.

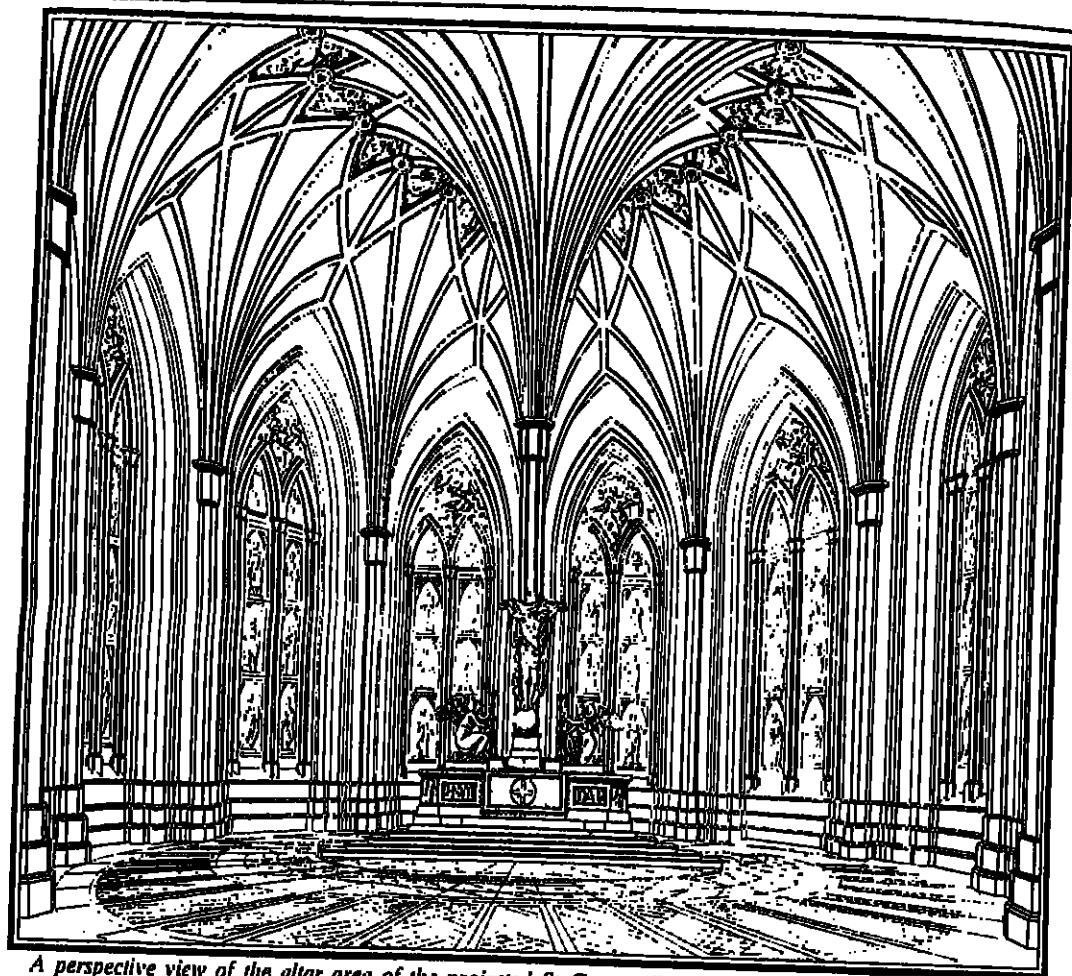
But Solignac also examines Christian education and finds a patriarchal system based on law and authority. The child is taught how to control itself against its instincts, is denied the principle of love of self and made to rely rigidly on the law. Later on, such adults, who may be successful in their work, remain emotionally stunted and

are unable to love themselves or others. They crave continuing dependence on authority and are overwhelmed by any movement which demands independence of thought. But this is the very independence which the young are seeking and there is massive alienation between parents brought up in the old style and their offspring.

The various Christian denominations have all been trying to reform themselves, the Catholic Church through the second Vatican Council. This should have been an occasion for optimism and hope. The author recognizes that the Council set out on a process of change which is irreversible but in the short term he is deeply disappointed. He sees the old authoritarian structures trying to reassert themselves in the Church and is particularly concerned by the lack of movement towards co-responsibility and by the re-emergence of dominance by the pope and by the Curia. He is sceptical of the multiplication of committees based largely on the middle class, which are trying to bring the spirit of Vatican II into being but succeeding only in fostering greater confusion.

The author's general thesis is acceptable, but he underestimates the size of the problem which Christianity has to tackle. He is absolutely correct in stating that the Church has relied on patriarchal systems of education that have placed authority at the centre and love at the periphery. But the reversal of this priority is a task of immense complexity. It involves fundamental changes in education and, in the case of the Catholic Church, a radical reassessment of its schools. It requires that families, not schools, be responsible for fostering love and that a corresponding emphasis be placed on principles for the growth of the human personality which are only just being absorbed into Christianity. All this will take time.

In the meantime there is bound to be confusion. For centuries Christians have been brought up to see the law and morality as the heart of their faith, to look at sexuality with suspicion and at feelings and emotions with mistrust. An authentic equality in human relationships was preached but not practised, except by the saints. Indeed the author and all who think like him want the whole Church suddenly to become a body of saints. The sentiments are right, even though the obstacles to their realization are enormous. Solignac insists that authority must not impede this metamorphosis. His is one of the growing number of voices which insist that Christianity must have the courage and the vision to embrace a renewal based on the gospel.



A perspective view of the altar area of the projected St Gertraud's Church at Berlin, drawn by K. F. Schinkel (1781-1841), demonstrating the quality of his draughtsmanship and the range of style of the greatest German Neoclassical architect: reproduced in Karl Friedrich Schinkel's Collected Architectural Designs (174 plates. Academy Editions. £15.95, paperback £9.95. 0 85670 791 0).

Insight as hindsight

By Barnabas Lindars

EDWYN CLEMENT HOSKYN and FRANCIS NOEL DAVEY:
Crucifixion – Resurrection
The Pattern of the Theology and Ethics of the New Testament
Edited by Gordon S. Wakefield
383pp. SPCK. £21.
0 281 03705 1

Fifty years ago Sir Edwyn Hoskyns and Noel Davey began their collaboration with *The Riddle of the New Testament*. Hoskyns provided the ideas, and Davey – a pupil of his who had only just graduated – wrote the book. It was an immediate success, and had to be reprinted within a few months. Here the critical approach to the Bible was shown to support a thoroughly theological interpretation of Jesus and the rise of Christianity. It was an open attack upon the liberal humanist tendency of the day, which sought to detach Jesus from the development of Christian doctrine and to find a rapprochement with the scientific world-view. It exactly represented the position of Hoskyns himself in Cambridge of that day, his isolation from his colleagues in the Divinity Faculty, his debt to Karl Barth, his infectious conviction of the exciting possibilities for theology which were opening up, his power to convey his enthusiasm to a generation of students.

The Riddle was programmatic, and demanded a sequel. History and theology meet in the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, act of man and act of God, in the New Testament not only the proclamation of salvation starts from this point; but also the distinctive features of Christian ethics. So *Crucifixion-Resurrection* was planned. But it was a book that seemed never to come. Right, Hoskyns insisted on writing the main draft himself. When Hoskyns died suddenly in 1937, Davey found that the plan agreed between them. The draft covered only half of the book: it is not surprising that Davey put it aside, while he undertook the far more important task of completing and editing Hoskyns's major New Testament commentary, *The Fourth Gospel* (1940). In the end, burdened by new responsibilities as director of SPCK, Davey left *Crucifixion-Resurrection* until his retirement. But by this time it was too late, for he died soon afterwards, and the work on the book was still scarcely begun.

Gordon Wakefield has presented this unfinished work at and as the centre of a record of the remarkable partnership of these two Cambridge scholars. Short biographies mark out the setting of their thought. Other writings, sermons and lectures, are incorporated to fill gaps. The editor has added an epilogue to relate the work to more recent issues in theology. A foreword by Bishop Michael Ramsey assures the reader that "both the man [Hoskyns] and the book speak to these times".

The editor and the publishers are to be congratulated for the job has been done well. In spite of all the glaring faults of a manuscript which would not come right, this belated publication is to be welcomed. Much of it inevitably seems dated. The authors appear to be intoxicated with their awareness of the theology of the New Testament, but unable to pin it down with solid exegesis. They call for a properly biblical theology, a theology that is not imposed upon the New Testament, but arises out of it because of what the New Testament is in itself, a collection of writings dominated by a single theological theme, the interpretation of Jesus in terms of the act of God.

Biblical theology did come to the fore in the 1950s. It appears now to have run out of steam, partly because attention has been turned to the variety of theology within the New Testament, and partly because it raises a hermeneutical problem which is still unresolved – in that the resurrection of Jesus is notoriously difficult to establish historically. There is nothing firm, then, to which the idea of the act of God can be applied. Hoskyns and Davey declare their intention of "pressing back" the dilemma, but in the end admit only that "there must have been, historically, a point or moment of insight" to explain the centrality of the resurrection in the resulting theology. We are left wondering whether it is this "point or moment of insight" which should really be regarded as the act of God, rather than the resurrection of Jesus as such. If so, the whole idea of a divine act is in danger of disintegrating into subjectivism.

The only thing to do is to face the fact that it is so, a self-chosen interpretation of events, hence a matter of faith; but it is not self-made, for it is a response to actual events, to the

life and crucifixion of Jesus. Momentous moral consequences follow from this response, and some of these are sketched out in Davey's lectures.

The diversity of New Testament theology is now widely recognized, but so is its fundamental unity. The one original idea was crucifixion-resurrection. It is now clear from recent work on the primitive confession of faith that, historically, the point of departure was the statement that "the Messiah died" (1 Corinthians 15:3). Jesus died as Messiah. The resurrection is the reverse side of this statement, for if Jesus died as Messiah, he was raised as Messiah, according to ideas concerning death and resurrection prevalent among Jews in New Testament times. Hoskyns was correct in insisting that crucifixion-resurrection should be held together as a unity. But his intuition now has a sounder historical basis than was available in his day.

Crucifixion-Resurrection has come at the right time to stimulate a fresh approach to the theology and ethics of the New Testament. Stimulate it will, because Hoskyns wrote, as he taught, with excitement, conviction and urgency. He may be wrong about some things, and he may be perverse on occasions, but he is never dull. Davey somehow made Hoskyns's style his own, and added his own scholarly sense. The irony of this book – is that his devotion to his teacher proved to be a barrier to his own development. It is easy to see that, having taken such a large responsibility for *The Riddle*, Davey should have been trusted to write the sequel himself – with help from Hoskyns, certainly, but it should have been his book. He needed to be helped to discover his own creativity. Sadly, Hoskyns kept it largely to himself, in spite of his commitment to finish his translation of Barth's *Romans* and the commentary on John. By the time that he had done a dozen chapters, composed intermittently over a period of six years until his death, it had evidently begun to be something of an albatross about his neck. Davey carried it for the rest of his life.

This is a book that has to be read in context. It recaptures the remarkable impact of Hoskyns fifty years ago. It adds significantly to our knowledge of a scholarly partnership of great promise, tinged with tragedy. It announces a theme for constructive theology which is as important now as it was when the book was planned.

RAMSEY MACMULLEN:
Paganism in the Roman Empire
241pp. Yale University Press. £16.10.
0 300 02655 2

A succession of weights and hard-headed studies of the Roman empire has been steadily coming from the pen of Ramsey MacMullen, and his last is an excellent addition to the series. His books are always written out of the sources, with a critical independence of spirit in regard to the good and the great who have gone before and done much to create the prevailing consensus. Towards the major features of that consensus he is reserved.

This new book deals in careful detail with two of the most delicate problems that beset the student of ancient Roman paganism. The first problem stems from the self-evident fact that the classification "pagan" is in essence a Christian category. The baptized soldiers of Christ used this term to describe the "non-combatant civilians" whom they hoped to recruit to the flag of their master. "Paganitas" or even "Paganismus" is the slang-word from the third century onwards to designate all polytheistic cults. But a truly historical treatment of paganism has to try to see ancient religion without looking at it through specifically Christian spectacles and to let it tell its own story. It cannot at any point be assumed that the old religion of Rome drew its adherents in with concepts like creaturely awe before the moral majesty of a divine holiness, or the need of a lost humanity for an act of divine redemption appropriated by incorporation into a defined society and by an inward conversion of mind and heart. Nor should it be assumed that paganism was at unity in itself. The Roman world had many gods, and a self-respecting city would need probably a dozen different temples. The loose amalgam of races in the empire produced a similar amalgam of cults.

The second problem facing the historian is the sheer bulk of the information. Apart from some of the writers on mathematics, virtually all Greek and Roman literature has matter bearing on religion, which permeated every level of culture in ancient society. Religion was simply

the prime vehicle of culture, and to change it, as the Christians proposed, was to propose revolution. Tertullian, for instance, once discusses the question whether or not a Christian may legitimately accept office as a magistrate, and proceeds to offer a job-description. Every one in this list of a magistrate's principal duties involved him in some presence at or participation in idolatrous rites. The literature amply reflects this ubiquity of religion at the heart of all social life.

In addition to the literary evidence there are the documents dug up by the archaeologists. Of the papyrus from the Nile valley only a relatively small proportion have much to tell the historian of paganism. But the inscriptions are a major source of record, and make possible, as the literature does not, control over large generalization. The epigraphic texts, edited in huge quantity and, so far as the Latin field goes, well indexed, can show pretty accurately whether one deity was more popular than another, and to what extent cults had only a regional following and whether some cults had adherents drawn from one class or sex or profession. For instance, the inscriptions comfortably disprove the old notion that Mithraism was a religion for men only, having a particularly powerful attraction for the soldiers in the legions. The sheer quantity of the material is so great that a scholar needs to keep a cool head.

Professor MacMullen starts his discussion from the question of method – how one goes about finding order in the bewildering chaos. By way of approach to the subject we begin from the external phenomena in the visible apparatus of the cults: the gathering of oracles, the public festivals with their grand spectacles, popular hymns, bands of musical instruments, and then their accompanying fairs, refreshment stalls, and hostels. For overnight accommodation a festival had a lot more in it than religion. But religion was always an ingredient, even in athletic contests and public games. Temples had libraries and might have priests ready to engage in conversation about the gods, especially equipped to suggest allegorical interpretations when the myths had come to seem childish or otherwise bizarre. An individual devotee of a particular god or goddess would take his devotion with him on his travels, and in that sense could be thought to be a kind of missionary for his favourite cult. Oracles and shrines of healing, especially of the god Asclepius, set up inscriptions to place on record the god's beneficences, and naturally these inscriptions contain an element of propaganda. But these monuments were not intended to persuade people to abandon their past ways and to adopt a future way of life in obedience to the god's direction and care. The wild and unifying emperor Elagabalus stands quite apart in his avowed desire to bring a change to the cultic devotions of others. No pagan cult normally had a "mission" in anything resembling a Christian sense. The initiative lay with the unconverted, a feature which is always perhaps one mark of "folk-religion".

Where each cult was a matter of personal preference on the part of the worshipper, there could be no strong sense of frontier between one cult and another. One was not converted from the veneration of Apollo to the devotion of Isis in the sense that such an act would then mean putting Apollo behind one. All cults could gain an easy toleration, including a wide area of mutual disagreement (though it would be incorrect to suggest that there was much in the way of debate): there was always a crucial proviso, which the Christians had to be seen to be seen to be following of ancestral custom. On this basis even the Jews, whose monotheism led them to regard all worship other than their own as invalid, could nevertheless be accepted, if not comfortably digested. Ancient religion had very much to do with a sense of being in

harmony with the past of one's own family, tribe, or wider community.

The principal needs met by the cults of the Roman empire are clearly to be read off the ancient texts. People turned to the gods from a feeling that they represented stability, the home and hearth – things as they had been in the past. The gods would be petitioned and thanked for health, the fertility of one's wife, good crops unravaged by frost or hail, success in trading adventures, relief from fiscal pressure, protection from the risks of travel, the averting of natural disasters. Christian critics tended to classify all pagan sacrifice as a dangerous form of sorcery. No sacrifice could be too long if one was invited to dine in a pagan temple. But the pagans themselves seem to



Head of Priapus from the Villa of the Papyri, Herculaneum (now in the Museo Nazionale, Naples), reproduced from Ancient Roman Gardens, edited by Elizabeth B. MacDougall and Wilhelmina F. Jashemski (204pp. Washington, DC: Dumbarton Oaks. \$18.50. 0 88402 100 9).

have felt some kind of distinction. They tended to go to the sorcerer for lower needs: to gain the bed of their beloved, to pick the winner in the horse-race at the hippodrome, or to wreak fitting vengeance on a hated enemy. Nevertheless, the magical texts show this distinction not to be very clearly carried through. The local clairvoyants and magicians would offer spells to ensure health or fertility or mercantile success. They did not leave that side of their trade to more august personages and more public shrines.

A thorny historical problem for the historian of the empire is to discover whether or not, at the period advances, there is hard evidence for an increase in magic and astrology, and a relative decline in philosophy. The fearful crisis of the empire in the middle of the third century, following a major trade recession already attested by Tertullian, would no doubt be a sufficient explanation of this phenomenon if it occurred. MacMullen records the "impression" that it did occur, and most scholars would be inclined to agree. But Ciero mentions a speech whose lack of effect was believed to be caused by resort to sorcery, so that one cannot safely say the old republic did not have such things. Nevertheless, there is the strange world of Gnosticism, in which magic or something very like it played quite a role. It is a tricky matter to determine whether Gnosticism can be treated as a typical and revealing characteristic feature of the second-century world, or whether it was normally a bit marginal and became important only because it harassed the Church or infuriated Plotinus' lecture-room at Rome.

In the City of God Augustine sees the pagan ideal as a quest for happiness and security in this life – a quest which the judges, doomed from the start, since it fails to take account of the human condition. Pagans think the good consists in health and composure of body, contentment of mind, but all in the context of this life. In reality this present life Augustine sees as overwhelmingly beset by precariousness, sickness, sorrow, pain and struggle – and the agonies of intellectuals, he notices, produce even greater neuroses than the labour of manual workers, which may be

hard but gives them a good night's sleep. In this world man, by nature essentially a social animal, has become a violently antisocial creature. So Augustine sets against the pagan quest the Christian placing of the highest good in eternal life.

MacMullen's picture is much in line with this Augustinian assessment of his romanticizing tendency to attribute interpretations which the ancient evidence fails to uphold in the least degree. And the venerated name of E. R. Dodds does not emerge undamaged. His remarkable book *Pagan and Christian in an Age of Anxiety* is in effect treated as telling one more about Dodds's very interesting mind than about the ancient world. There is much truth in MacMullen's judgments here.

The epilogue brings us back to the Christians who were courteously seen off at the beginning of the story. In what sense did ancient paganism die? In some places it survived with tenacity for a long time after Constantine or even Theodosius I, but of the manner in which confidence in the old gods became eroded MacMullen speaks most cautiously. There is so much we do not know. What can be traced is the public process of erosion: the disendowment of temples; the frequent failure to keep them in good repair so that wind and weather took care of them in the end; the imperial legislation at the end of the fourth century against pagan cult and sacrifice. Much harder to trace with confidence is the movement of the fourth-century mind and heart. The chaotic political and economic crisis of the middle of the third century may well have done much to rot the foundations of belief that the gods would deliver the traditional goods of earthly success. Constantine turned to Christianity because he felt sure these goods would come from no other source than the supreme deity whom the Christians honoured. The end of paganism changed the ancient world of its heart, but just how the end came and why – and why the questions – historians will give different answers. It is easier to say why Christianity succeeded.

Ramsey MacMullen has, in short, written a distinguished book with much exact observation. It is not a work of light reading, but an indispensable mine of erudition on a grand theme.

everyone was then suffering from an anxiety neurosis which explains why so many were driven towards the rest for their soul promised by the Church. The many references to the great name of Franz Cumont in the lightly packed appendage of notes are almost always ironic and critical of his romanticizing tendency to attribute interpretations which the ancient evidence fails to uphold in the least degree. And the venerated name of E. R. Dodds does not emerge undamaged. His remarkable book *Pagan and Christian in an Age of Anxiety* is in effect treated as telling one more about Dodds's very interesting mind than about the ancient world. There is much truth in MacMullen's judgments here.

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The Messianic mission

By A. N. Sherwin-White

A. E. HARVEY:
Jesus and the Constraints of History
The Hampton Lectures, 1980
184pp. Duckworth. £7.50.
0 7156 1591 7

In this subtle and complex book A. E. Harvey tries to establish, by a rigorous examination of the most formal elements that exact scholarship allows to be historical in the Gospel tradition, what was the role that Jesus sought to fulfil within what the author calls the constraints of history. He largely accepts the negative approach of modern form-criticism which holds that the narrative of the Gospels is the product of so extensive a refashioning of the actions and sayings of Jesus, made in order to fit the doctrines of the early church, that the original version is virtually unknowable. Against this he argues that there is a minimal hard core of formal facts about the life of Jesus that illuminate his position when related to the limited number of options for religious action open to an orthodox Jew, such as Jesus claimed to be, at that time in Judaea. He could only act in a certain number of ways: which did he choose, and what does his choice imply?

The examination starts from the trial before the Prefect of Judaea, because this is a fact established by independent evidence, and because the structure of the trial is historically correct in terms of Roman procedure. The punishment of crucifixion itself indicates that Jesus was sentenced for some form of resistance to the Roman government. This fits the charge common to all Gospels that "he set himself up as king". But the charge fits nothing in the known activities of Jesus (but certain modern speculations). A link has to be found with the proceedings before the High Priest, where he is represented as claiming "to be the Christ and the son of God". But this is far too tendentious to be taken as a record of what was said. So, stymied twice, the enquiry turns to the "healing" of Christ by the clergy to the Roman governor, which has an exact historical parallel in an incident in Josephus. This indicates that Jesus was indeed charged with an offence against the Jewish law with which a Jewish court could not deal because, like all other local authorities in the Roman empire, it lacked the power of capital punishment. The only authentic clue to the offence is then found in the variant statement of Luke that Jesus before Pilate was charged with claiming to be a *kingdom*. The predicate, irrelevant to the Roman court, was central to the objections of the clergy. Its significance emerges gradually from the rest of this book.

Jesus is continuously, and unconsciously, presented as the New Testament as a teacher. But of what sort? His closest affinities are seen to be with the Pharisees. Yet he is openly at variance with them and their system of biblical interpretation. He harks back from their scholarship to the biblical texts themselves, and on that basis issues direct imperatives, far removed from the biblical originals, though not in conflict with them: the Sermon on the Mount is the great exemplar. Thus he usurps the function of the Hebrew prophets, who acted as the spokesmen of God, calling across the clerical establishment of their times, and on occasion flouting tradition. So too, certain paradoxical actions and shocking sayings of Jesus make sense as symbolic behaviour in the prophetic tradition. Hence he was more prophet than "scribe" or "rabbi", but always within the bounds of basic Judaism. But unlike the reformers of the newly discovered Qumran documents he did not seek to found a sect or community that could affect only a minority.

From the prophetic aspect Harvey turns to the eschatological element in the teaching of Jesus. The firm expression of the coming end of the present order, the "kingdom of God", is shockingly sophisticated. But Harvey

interprets it as an accepted and effective device of revolutionary movements of the most diverse types in our own times. The demand for extreme changes, material or spiritual, at the very boundaries of the possible, when set within a restricted timetable, generates the commitment that enables them to be realized. He cites orthodox Marxist analyses of the analogy between the demands of Christ and those of communism, and makes much of a comparison with the movement for nuclear disarmament. Domsday must be soon, but not too soon, to be an effective threat. "Today" or "next century" paralyses or relaxes effort. Analogies are not proof, but the point is the effectiveness of the eschatological factor, and its derivation from the prophetic tradition, illuminating how the prophetic roots conditioned the teaching of Jesus. But one may object that the eschatology might come from the Gospels themselves, writing when the young church remained strongly "Jewish". This is parried by an analysis of the "Messianic" concept. Judaism before the destruction of Jerusalem in AD 70 was marked by a strong expectation of a new order, to be ushered in by an intermediary spokesman, "the who cometh", who has none of the characteristics of the triumphal Messiah elaborated by later rabbinical teaching. Earlier the whole emphasis was on the kingdom, and not the king. Hence the language of the New Testament about the coming of the Son of Man is appropriate to the times of Jesus, and free from traces of later composition.

If eschatology is shocking, miracles are worse. The author, always, more intent on explanation than credibility, does not explain them away (though the majority were medical cures, attributable to faith-healing), but shows that they have an intelligible role. The cures are remote from ordinary thaumaturgy, related in minimal terms, without focus. The cures are done not for personal credit, since Jesus avoids publicity, nor primarily out of compassion, since he tries to avoid appeals for aid. The healing miracles link with a major text of Isaiah concerning the new kingdom, cited in the Gospels, in which the healing of the deaf, blind and lame — the types of natural deficiency — the deaf, blind and lame — is kingdom. These four are predominant among the miraculous cures of the Gospels. So the miracles link with the prophetic role of Jesus as the symbol of the coming of the new order. One might object that the connection with the Isaiah text is fortuitous, these being the major physical misfortunes of any primitive country in the Near East. But this is only one aspect of a group of Isaiah texts that are next shown to be basic to the understanding of the role of "the Christ".

The discussion moves to two linked actions of Jesus on his arrival at Jerusalem that are the centre of controversy. The story of the triumphal entry on a carefully selected colt has been rejected as fiction, while its immediate sequel, the cleansing of the Temple precinct of the horde of traders, has been accepted only too literally. Harvey interprets both as interrelated demonstrations in the prophetic style of the authority of Jesus. The detailed account of the finding of the colt, for which there is no Old Testament parallel, should guarantee "authenticity", while the account of the procession echoes a later Jewish tradition rather than the later Islamic terminology. The entry of a pilgrim mounted instead of on foot is itself shocking, and meant to be emphatic. So too the election of the traders from the great forecourt of the Temple. This was not a physical possibility for Jesus and his small band in face of the Temple guard and the adjacency of the watchful Roman garrison. But it recalls the Maccabean purification of the Temple, and as a symbolic action is analogous to that of, for example, Jeremiah, carrying a yoke on his shoulders to typify submission to the power of Babylon.

So what Jesus claimed was not to be the operative king of the new order, Messiah in the later sense, but

in the language of certain Isaiah texts from which the Qumran teaching extracted a similar meaning, the messenger, herald and suffering servant of the Lord, appointed to be the "anointed one" to announce the kingdom. It is argued, contrary to the consensus of scholars, that he was on rare occasions given this title in his lifetime, and that it was in this sense that he was fully recognized by his disciples after his death. This alone was what such a one as Jesus would claim at such a time in the spiritual air of Judaea. The case for early recognition is tenuous on grounds of form-criticism. But the argument makes better sense in the second phase than the supposition that the notion of a triumphal Messiah was suddenly reconciled with that of a "suffering servant". Much depends on the subtle management of a small group of Isaiah texts, but the case is strengthened by the full citation of the central text in Matthew.

The hardest riddle concerns the title "son of God". It is discussed in the context of the Judaic monotheism that allowed no man to be called divine in any real sense, and of the Judaic concept of fathers and sons. The essential elements of this were obedience, discipline and instruction. A son owes all his knowledge of skills and ideas to his father, and when he acts as the agent of his father in his father's business he commands the respect and obedience due to a father from others. So the notion of a "son" can be linked to that of a "messenger". The term as used in the New Testament is new. Though applied to Jesus freshly after his death it is given to him in his lifetime only by spiritual or demonic voices (when form-criticism has removed exceptions). Harvey argues that Jesus applied the term to himself by implication in the intimate and un-Judaic language and relationship that he assumed in prayer towards God as "father", and in two under the rules of criticism, in which the identification is again implied. That was as far as he could go — or the disciples accept — in a purely Judaic environment. The argument is somewhat tenuous, but if correct it means that the novelty of this language opened the way for the indictment of Jesus for blasphemy at the examination before the High Priest. The investigation thus returns to its starting-point.

This distinguished study is concerned with explanations rather than proofs. From a Christian viewpoint Harvey seems to suggest too much, or too little, producing a Jewish Jesus who goes to the limit of what was permissible without quite breaking the mould. But this is implicit in the deliberately limited method of inquiry, which set aside the bulk of the Gospel evidence. Hence the Judaic elements were bound to survive alone within the sieve of a scholarly criticism based on the principle that everything reminiscent of early Christianity was extruded as the product of later interpretation. In fact Harvey was unable to limit the study to purely formal elements finding it necessary to interpret them by the aid of New Testament texts that even the severest scholars admit as primary elements of a genuine historical tradition. But he widens the field by the debatable principles of consensus between divergent accounts: a test of original truth, and that the "paradoxical" or "shocking" sayings of Jesus are likely to be genuine; when Jesus is likely to be whole ethical tradition of Judaism (which he usually respects) by being a disciple to neglect the burial of his father, the incident can hardly be fictitious.

So the author modifies the system of form-criticism that he otherwise accepts. Rightly, and significantly. Twice he accepts the deletion of New Testament texts admitting the claim that Jesus was "the Christ" and the "son of God". At the examination of Jesus by the High Priest the question is put to him in terms which (it is argued) the High Priest cannot have asked: "Art thou the son of God?" Yet, if I understand the fine spin against him, Harvey's final conclusion about the examination is

that Jesus was accused of blasphemy (a kind of high treason against the divine majesty) because he claimed a divine function to which he was not entitled, something beyond the role of "the Christos", and indicated by the term "son of God". So, somehow, the term must have been uttered. So too with the admission of Peter when questioned by Jesus about his identity. Faced by a preacher of the new order who claimed to be the messenger of the new kingdom foretold by Isaiah, and who marked out his singular character by a pattern of prophetic actions and eschatological miracles, it is not so unlikely that Peter, however obtuse, should conclude in a flash of illumination that "you are the Christ". One suspects that there are large

tracts of the Gospels, not only in the Sermon, as Harvey hints, and in the inimitable parables, that were too intractable to be seriously modified by the editorial processes of remoulding of which form-critics make so much. The future of New Testament scholarship may well lie in this direction. But even under the severe limitations A. E. Harvey is able to conclude that there was something in the language of Jesus that left the door ajar to the later Christology: it was not all invented by Paul of Tarsus.

Finally, the publishers must be congratulated on issuing this difficult but fascinating book at an unusually low price for any work of scholarship in these times.

Stewart implies, was God. Hence it came about, we are told, that Jesus was born not far from Old Cairo, and spent his boyhood in Alexandria. The story of the Magi guided by a star is explained by the Pharos, the great beacon which marked Alexandria's harbour.

Mr Stewart gets the greater part of Jesus's life out of the way very briskly, ignoring more than nine-tenths of the Gospel narratives, so that he can clear the ground for his main case. In passing, we are told that Jesus's own second name was probably "Christos", the Greek for "gentle", and that "Christos" was an adaptation of it; Mr Stewart also hints that the original of the Prodigal Son was Jesus himself, who may have had a misspent youth. But these are just preliminary flourishes before the big drama. This is set at Bethany, and concerns the raising of Lazarus. Stewart accepts John's Gospel as his principal guide, assuming that it is indeed the work of the "disciple whom Jesus loved", and like John he puts the Lazarus miracle at the centre of his story. As he describes the disciples' journey to Bethlehem, he abandons the premise that he is writing anything other than a work of fiction, and launches into prose of a shade of purple reminiscent of Auden's *The Orators*:

Summer is a time for flight. Into cellars. Into arbours. Into closed rooms. Into carts that lurk up tracks to hillside perches, to villages hid by pines and soothed by cicadas. The young pagans step naked onto beaches. Blinding sand meets sea, flesh meets flesh beneath lucent water. At night the mounting to roofs, under stars; flesh tumescent, the brain demanding.

After this, one has grave fears about what Mr Stewart is going to make the disciples get up to at Bethany, and it is a relief to find that the supposed miracle was simply a death-simulation ritual arranged in secret between Jesus and Lazarus — who is in fact none other than the beloved disciple himself, under another name — so as to experiment with various forms of higher "knowledge", involving such cheery phrases as "Risen is the new Osiris".

New Testament professionals will by now have realized that Mr Stewart is hunting a very old fox indeed. His is that favourite of the early heretics, a gnostic Jesus who utters a few general truths to his public audience and then shares secret knowledge with his disciples. Quite what this secret knowledge is, Mr Stewart seems to be hard put to say; it appears to involve sun-worship, and there are hints of erotic initiation-rites (hence the young man talked under the linen cloth in Gethsemane), but the rest is left to our imagination.

Oddly, Mr Stewart does not produce any strange theories about the Resurrection. He seems to be just getting up steam to tell us that Jesus did not really die but practised a death-simulation akin to that of Lazarus-John, when he changes tack, and proposes mass auto-suggestion to explain the post-Resurrection appearances. One must confess that, after all the fire that has gone before, this is disappointingly sane.

Gnostic gnovelties

By Humphrey Carpenter

DESMOND STEWART:
The Foreigner
A Search for the First-Century Jesus
181pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0 241 10686 9

Books about that elusive figure "the historical Jesus" may be broadly divided into the orthodox and the lunatic fringe, the latter being characterized by wild assertions and brutal handling of the evidence. Its practitioners are less likely to be unorthodox faith or philosophy, but rather to be anxious to rewrite the early history of Christianity so that it conforms with their personal spiritual systems. By the sort of means that they adopt, the founder of Christianity can be "proved" to have been married to Mary Magdalene, to have worshipped a magic mushroom, or what you will.

Desmond Stewart's *The Foreigner* is certainly related to this school of New Testament "investigation" but is, at least in its early chapters, faintly more plausible and certainly much more readable than most other examples of the genre. Mr Stewart, whose last book this is (he died just as it was completed), was no mean scholar, and wrote with urbane charm. He was an expert on the secular history of the Middle East, a biographer (of Herzl and T. E. Lawrence) and a novelist, Albert Schweitzer observed long ago that "there is no historical task which so reveals a man's true self as the writing of a Life of Jesus", and so, we should not be surprised to find in Stewart's book a Jesus who roams the Middle East, has strong resemblances to T. E. Lawrence (and, one must say at times to D. H. Lawrence), and behaves like a character in a historical novel.

The first point of which Mr Stewart wishes to convince us is that Jesus was not born anywhere in Palestine, but in Egypt. He declares that the story of the Flight into Egypt stands out from the mass of myth and invention about the birth and infancy of Jesus because it is unlikely that anyone would have invented it (he dismisses in a few words the notion that it is a *midrash* or homiletic meditation on certain Old Testament stories, such as the sale of Joseph into Egypt); he then cites various stories about the Flight which were current in the early church, with the aid of which he draws, quite literally, a route-map of the Holy Family's journey. And why was this journey made? Accepting the view of most modern New Testament commentators that the Massacre of the Innocents never happened, Mr Stewart next invokes the testimony of a second-century Christian called Hegesippus that Joseph had a brother named Clopas, a name which, says Mr Stewart, is "the Aramaic form of Cleopatra". On the evidence of this, we are to conclude that Joseph had relatives in Egypt. He went there, Mr Stewart now tells us, because he wished to keep his wife's pregnancy a secret from his fellow Galileans, since he was not the father of the child — not, Mr

Keeping an eye on the shoreline

By Kenneth Ingham

JOHN BEYNON
Proconsul and Paramountcy in South Africa
399pp. Pietermaritzburg: University of Natal Press. £10.15.

John Beynon has followed a well-worn, almost weary line of inquiry into imperial history with such a refreshingly inquisitive eye that he has opened up an entirely new perspective on South Africa before the Union. *Proconsul and Paramountcy* is an important book, carefully researched and written with sincere regard for the evidence.

The starting point of the argument is the assertion that Britain's "fixed determination was to keep the shoreline of South Africa within the pale of British influence for strategic reasons". Though successive governments might be clear about that objective they were less certain about the means of achieving it. The task of insisting upon British paramountcy at the Cape was not difficult so far as rival claims from other European powers were concerned. The problem lay in dealing with the intermittent but none the less powerful pressure exerted upon the eastern frontier of the British settlement by thousands of Bantu pastoralists who disputed the same land which attracted white colonists. The colonists themselves could not be trusted to handle the problem, not so much because they were few in number as because their ambitions tended to provoke conflict with the blacks rather than suppress it. The obvious person to keep an eye on events on Britain's behalf was the Governor of Cape Colony, who was appointed by the British government. He could not be allowed to do the work in his capacity as governor, however, because Britain had no desire to take upon itself responsibility for administering an ill-defined amalgam of turbulent tribes. But he might fulfil the role in another capacity, and it was there that the origins of the High Commission were to be found. Of this book, and its role for nearly a century of maintaining British para-

mounty, the by-product of the need for security.

Professor Beynon underlines the irony which lay behind this role when he points out that, because the High Commission was deemed by the Colonial Office to be merely ancillary to the governorship, it was created by sign manual and warrant rather than under great seal. This purely incidental decision gave the office-holder a far greater degree of latitude in the methods he was able to use than would have been the case had his appointment been of a more formal character. Given the undoubted talents of successive high commissioners it is not surprising that a remarkable range of ingenious themes and tactics was brought into play, sometimes to the annoyance of the colonists, sometimes to the acute embarrassment of the imperial government. The former group had no means of redress, the latter had the power to recall its nominees — as happened even to such popular figures as Sir Harry Smith, Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Hercules Robinson — but rarely managed it before he had committed the government so far that a reversal of policy was difficult. Thus the nature of British relations with a whole series of African peoples, the Xhosa, Zulu, Sotho, Tswana, Pedi, Swazi and many others was, in the course of less than a hundred years, determined primarily by the views of different high commissioners as to how security for British paramountcy could best be achieved. British governments, no less genuinely concerned for the well-being of African peoples because they did not endlessly affirm their concern, found themselves committed to expedients which they might wish either to embrace wholeheartedly or to condemn utterly, simply because their man on the spot concluded that these were the best means of fulfilling the objective given to him.

"Safety", "security": that was the underlying dynamic of imperial thinking, as Beynon consistently demonstrates. Sir George Grey in the 1850s "certainly saw advantages in the economic incorporation of the Xhosa, but his thoughts were essentially geared to the immediate problem of security that his superiors

expected him to solve". The high commissioner had been specially selected by the government because he was thought to possess the talents required to do the job. He was, too, their chief source of information about what was going on in South Africa. It was difficult to avoid accepting his advice. Little wonder that the Earl of Kimberley, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, on learning of Sir Henry Barkly's proposal that Britain should annex the recently discovered diamond-mines with their decidedly unruly operators, resignedly confided in Gladstone that he felt sure "that there is no safe course but that which Barkly commends".

When the Boers trekked into the interior the problem of security was extended from the eastern frontier in a wide northward-sweeping arc along which Sir Harry Smith first sought to extend British surveillance. His policy was then reversed in the hope that the maintenance of security might be left to the Boers themselves and the imperial authority be thus relieved of that responsibility. The cavalier attitude of the Boers towards territorial claims quickly dispelled that hope and Camarvon, on becoming colonial secretary, based his plans for security against the black menace on the federation of the white-ruled states. He too had his hopes dashed by Frere's disastrous involvement with the Zulus and by Wolseley's misjudgment of the situation in the Transvaal. Both men had been specially singled out to achieve imperial objectives but their actions entirely changed the pattern of relationships in South Africa. From this point the Boers ceased to be simply a security risk and were deemed to have become themselves a threat to the security of British strategic interests.

It was Cecil Rhodes who pressed that view, on the imperial government in collaboration with Sir Hercules Robinson. To envisage Rhodes as "a sort of high commissioner" Beynon does is an intriguing conceit and one which gets closer to the true Rhodes than any "capitalist" or "colonial politician" tag could do. It was, of course, the dominant role which the Transvaal was able to assume in South African affairs after the dis-



Setting sail from London for the East: an illustration from Peter Padfield's *Beneath the House Flag of the P & O* (184pp. Hutchinson. £9.95. 0 09 145760).

covery of gold which gave substance to Rhodes's claim. The career of Sir Alfred Milner and his relations with the Transvaal may then be seen as the culmination of Beynon's argument. Sent like his predecessors to assist British paramountcy, but with the Boers rather than the Bantu as the chief antagonists, Milner had the unique advantage of being supported by a colonial secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, who did not flinch before the consequences of an aggressive policy. Just as Robinson had allied himself with Rhodes to make use of the financial support which that alliance might provide, Milner was not averse from linking with financiers like Wernher and Beit. But Milner was not their tool. British paramountcy was his aim and the Transvaal Government stood in the way of it. Therefore it must be overthrown. Chamberlain's particular contribution was to convince the cabinet and the British public that Milner was right.

While diminishing without wholly deleting the role of capitalism, Beynon also challenges the view that South African history was moulded mainly by local collaboration and metropolitan ministerial support. To adopt such a line, he argues — powerfully if with some lack of originality

in his choice of simile — would be like playing Hamlet without the prince. The latter role he reserves for the high commissioner. The Union, however, brought the heyday of the high commissioner to an end and reversed most of his achievements. Even before then Selborne, though attempting to act as the loyal follower of Milner, had already been retrained by a Liberal government intent upon making effective the policy of withdrawal half-heartedly espoused by Gladstone in the 1880s.

There are available a number of biographies, memoirs and collections of correspondence of South African high commissioners — among them the recent biographies by A. L. Harrington of Sir Harry Smith and by Kenneth O. Hall of Sir Hercules Robinson. The importance of Professor Beynon's book is that it covers a wide sweep of history in a manner which makes possible both contrast and comparison between the contributions of different high commissioners, and from it there emerges an important theme, with fascinating variations. A dozen years ago the Natal University Press produced a superb volume of military sketches by John North Crealock under the title *The Road to Ulundi*. It has now added another credit to its list.

Looking at the defence of India

By P. J. Marshall

EDWARD INGRAM:
Commitment to Empire: Prophecies of the Great Game in Asia 1797-1800
431pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £22.50.
0 19 822662 4

This book is the second volume of what is clearly a major undertaking: a sustained exploration of the effect that possession of an Indian empire had on British foreign policy in the first half of the nineteenth century. The case that Edward Ingram makes for the importance of his subject is very persuasive. There has been a long tradition in British historiography that India should be kept in a compartment of its own, clearly separated from the history of Britain and even sometimes from the history of the rest of the British Empire.

Historians working on the end of the nineteenth or early twentieth century have been engaged for some time in breaking these compartments down, but, although Professor Ingram is not the only demolition contractor at work, for the earlier nineteenth century they remain largely intact. With some justice he is able to point out how narrowly European was the vision of the giants of diplomatic history of an earlier generation.

If the subject is eminently worth studying, this book confirms the evidence of its predecessor, *The Beginning of the Great Game in Asia 1828-34* (1979), that Ingram is very well equipped to undertake it. He is formidably learned, not only in the old scholarship of European diplomatic history but in the history of India, and especially of the Middle

East. The range of primary sources consulted is immense and he has mastered much highly specialized secondary material. From a deep knowledge of the history of international relations over several centuries he can draw many stimulating comparisons and put his subject into very long perspective. Finally, he writes with vigour and panache and is somewhat given to what the Englishmen he writes about would have called quizzing his lesses readers. Whether this last is an unalloyed virtue is something about which not all of them will agree. This one sometimes felt like an elderly spaniel being repeatedly importuned to play by an extremely nimble fox-terrier.

A prime example of Ingram's taste for quizzing comes in the preface. There the author suavely assures the reader that what he will be given are simple "stories of men who lived and died". "Events merely matter more than the reasons for them. . . . Analysis is not explanation: the man is for analysis may destroy the history book as it is destroying the novel." Let the reader not be deceived by this piece of postface. This book, and, it would seem, the whole series of which it is part are highly analytic. The themes of British foreign policy and Indian empire will not be explored merely by recounting stories; they will be fitted into a tightly constructed analysis of these themes, and the reader will be revealed, the outline of the framework becomes more and more visible.

It seems to be something like this: In the late eighteenth century Britain's position in the world underwent a radical change, for two reasons. In the first place, the balance of power in Europe ceased to

depend primarily on relations between states bordering the Atlantic and came to depend on relations between the great land powers from the Rhine to the Urals. Secondly, Britain herself became a continental military power, although in Asia not in Europe. From now on Britain was a state "whose future would depend upon control of India". As Ingram put it in his first book, "Great Britain as a great power was Britain and British India". The consequences of these seismic shifts were that Britain's interests could now no longer be adequately protected by her traditional reliance on sea-power with limited forays on to the continent of Europe. Given the scale of land forces that her rulers were prepared to accept and pay for, if Britain wished to make a decisive intervention in world affairs, she would ultimately have to choose, would she commit her army to Europe, or to India? In normal times British policy-makers tried to avoid so painful a choice and to muddle through by deploying sea-power, however limited its effect. On occasions choice could not be avoided. Events between 1798 and 1800 led to such an occasion, and the choice then was for India and against Europe.

This episode may or may not have had the long-term significance with which Ingram seems to invest it, but his overall theme remains a compelling one. Naval warfare and limited expeditionary forces were indeed ceasing to be realistic alternatives. The defence of India was a much more complex business than the defence of the American or Caribbean colonies. In 1798 the French invaded Egypt. The enemy to the older empire thus emerged, the time being as the enemy to the new one. But the danger was different. The

French had never been able to transport a large field army across the Atlantic; they were now threatening India with one. Whatever happened at Aboukir Bay, sea-power, as Ingram repeatedly stresses, could not eliminate that threat. It and similar threats in the future must in part be countered by the organization in India of a huge standing army, not necessarily to repel invaders directly but to cow any disaffection that the threat of invasion might incite. Such an army had come into existence in the 1760s, but it was massively strengthened during Wellesley's administration after 1798. Nevertheless, India could not be defended effectively in India itself; the enemy must be kept at arm's length.

How this was to be done is the leitmotif of the book. To achieve it Britain must take account of the Middle East, which could no longer be regarded as the neutral desert between Europe and India. If the French were to be kept out of Palestine and Syria, and to be evicted from Egypt, the active cooperation of the Turks would be needed. More remote lines of defence must be considered, involving Persia and Afghanistan. To deny the French passage through the Red Sea required assistance from the Wahabites in Mecca. But the search for potential allies among the peoples of the Middle East led straight into a labyrinth of conflict and contradictions. Dundas's strategies for the defence of India and Wellesley's grand designs for dominance in India led one to the Afghans, the other to the Persians. Most portentous of all, if Britain had close dealings with the Turks or the Persians, she would have to take account of the relationship with Russia. In Europe Russia was the great hope for coalitions

against France; in Asia her role for Britain could be much more equivocal: as she pressed on Turkey and Persia, she, not France, might prove to be the real threat to India. The interests of Britain as a European power and Britain as an Asian power were not going to be easy to reconcile.

No doubt marred by compression and misunderstanding, this brief version of what Ingram is arguing perhaps does enough to suggest that broad and important themes are treated illuminatingly and with authority. The exposition is complex and readers may find that they are not much helped in coming to terms with a difficult book by most of the quibbles which are thrown, presumably to divert them. But the effort of concentration is very well worth making. One of the book's virtues is that it raises many further questions in the reader's mind. The one that he might most wish to see resolved is the question of the value that contemporaries put on India. How wide was it believed that Britain's future "would depend upon control of India"? If such a view was generally held, why was this so? Ingram himself believes this to be true and has a series of what sometimes look to be rather dubious assumptions to support his belief. It is less clear on what contemporaries believed. Recently, in his *Strategies of British India*, M. E. Yapp has argued that "Europe always held first place and India and its defence a lowly place in British foreign policy". This is of course a direct challenge to the concept of the dual power, Britain and British India, which is at the centre of Ingram's thesis. The challenge can no doubt be met; part of his next instalment might perhaps be devoted to doing this.

commentary

'Panorama': a Czech literary magazine

By Nigel Cross

Recently a few privileged publishers, literary agents, writers' organizations and journalists were sent unsolicited copies of *Panorama*, a glossy new literary magazine. Published by the Union of Czech Writers, the Czech Literary Fund and the DILIA Literary agency, *Panorama* aims to provide a showcase for the best contemporary Czech literature. The English language edition has a print run of 4,000 and there are other editions in Spanish, French, German and Russian. Three issues have been published, lavishly illustrated with the work of Czech artists and with photographs of medieval towns, calm lakes, mountain scenery and kindly, silver-haired authors.

In *Panorama* I Jan Kozák, novelist, past Chairman of the Union of Czech Writers, National Artist, twice laureate of the Klement Gottwald State Prize and holder of the Order of Labour, writes, "we consider the work of progressive writers from the Western and developing countries as an important means of promoting understanding and close relations between nations... that is why we sincerely welcomed the Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe and faithfully implemented its conclusions". Kozák's remarks are presumably not addressed to national artists Václav Havel

and Václav Benda who are in prison for monitoring violations of the Helsinki agreement.

The editors of *Panorama*, National and Honored Artists Josef Rybák (78), Chairman of the Union of Czech Writers, Ivan Skála (60), Deputy Chairman and Donat Šajner (68), Chief Secretary, do not seem to have heard of playwright Havel or philosopher Benda. Nor do they appear to know the work of such important Czech authors as Milan Kundera, Jan Otašánek, Jiří Mucha, Ivan Klíma, Alexandr Kliment, or Jan Vladislav. It is as if the British Book Marketing Council had excluded William Golding, Ted Hughes and John Fowles from its campaign to promote the "best of British" authors, and then banned the sale or loan of their works.

The choice for Czech writers of merit is simple - join the union or write for the drawer. Since 1970, when seventeen literary magazines were closed down and the publishing houses were purged of unreliable employees, the Union of Czech Writers has had almost total control over book production. All writers who join the union are required to sign a loyalty pledge deploring the Dubček era as counter-revolutionary and approving the "fraternal assistance" of the Soviet Union at a time of crisis. For those who are prepared to sign the rewards are, by our standards, breathtaking. The average print run of an approved novel is 20,000 copies. Union members

enjoy tax concessions, state pensions, interest-free loans, free holidays and the use of any one of five country houses including Dobříš Castle and the Writers' House at the spa town of Karlovy Vary.

Although the rewards of officially approved authors are high few writers of European reputation have joined the Union. The novelist, Bohumil Hrabal, some of whose works are still banned, is a notable exception. But Czechoslovakia's most famous poet Jaroslav Seifert remains intransigent although the publishing division of the Czech Literary Fund has been shamed into publishing his latest collection *Umbrella from Piccadilly*. Most other well-known writers have been forced into exile, *sanitizaci* publication or silence. As a pseudonymous Czech writer noted in *Index on Censorship* (5/1980):

more than five hundred of all the writers who entered Czech literature since 1948 have been banned and silenced in one way or another. And it goes without saying that there is no way in which potential writers whose debut has been marred by the present state of affairs could be "registered"... the majority opt for a wait-and-see policy in the hope of some future better time, leaving only a very few who are willing to publish sycophantic work.

It is hard to spot a writer of any great distinction in *Panorama* although the translators, English

ladies called Iris, Jessie, Ruth and Nora, have done a difficult and probably distasteful job with skill and tact. Most of the writing, when it is not propaganda, is characterized by blandness and self-censorship. A literary critic, S. Vostokavová, draws attention to the general trend towards historical fiction among Czech novelists. He asks "how can such an 'explosion' of interest in history be explained? Is it the result of the demands of the time?" Yes. A few Czech novels are set under the Nazi occupation, most are set in a more distant past and none mentions the Masaryk or Dubček years. And if the new Czech novel is not set in the seventeenth century it is set in a contemporary, rural Czechoslovakia with a cast of wide old peasants, tousle-haired boys, ruddy-cheeked maidens and carthorses.

The youngest writer in *Panorama* is Jan Kostřhun who at thirty-nine has won several literary prizes. His fiction deals with "topical social problems in the wine-growing southern Moravian region - where the writer lives and works". The "social problems" turn out to be of the James Herriot variety. Kostřhun's novel *The Grape Harvest*, about an old man and a small boy, apparently expresses "eternal basic human truths through granddaddy's views and deeds... his tolerance, his kindly understanding for the faults and peculiarities of others, his relationship to life, work and nature". An early novel *Poachers* is "really a great and unselfish song of

praise of life in the homeland." This emphasis on positive, healthy literature is repeated throughout *Panorama* - almost as a way of attacking dissident writers who cannot be mentioned by name. As National Artist Ivan Skála remarks with authority, "poetry is a song that summons us to love of life".

However, by no means all official Czech literature avoids unpleasantness. Consider this extract by Helena Smahelová, a much acclaimed writer for teenage girls who eschews "rose coloured spectacles". Dora is a young Czech girl visiting New York:

Jeffers jumped easily over the people lying on the ground, in the limbo of drugs or alcohol. He was neither surprised nor shocked, but Dora and her father were shocked. "The sewer of a monstrous big city" Father said. "I never heard of anything like this in Moscow" said Dora "and that's a big city too isn't it?" "Moscow is Moscow!" Father stepped disgustedly round a dirty woman asleep on the pavement with an equally dirty child in her lap.

Panorama is available from the Panorama publishing house, Hálkova 1, 12072 Prague 2. For further information on Václav Havel and other Czech writers, telephone Ivan Skála, Director of Československý Spisovatel, the publishing house of the Czech Literary Fund, Prague 266941-9.

Goethe face to face

By Daniel Johnson

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)
Goethe Institute

It is easy to take Goethe for granted - like some high executive of a celestial corporation lent to its ailing human subsidiary - but there is no excuse for it; still less for British condescension. I remember hearing an aged former prime minister defend Carlyle against an eminent master of a Cambridge college: I put in a word for Carlyle as a popularizer of Goethe, at which the statesman asked whether one could actually read him, in tones of mock astonishment. This marvellous exhibition, which will be on view at the Goethe Institute until April 22, goes some way towards recapturing the sense of excitement that surrounds Goethe for earlier readers and pilgrims like Thackeray. The catalogue, by Brian Rowley, *Goethe 1749-1832* (71pp with 16 plates, £2.95, 0 7145 3940 6), is excellent, and contains an eloquent apology for Goethe against attacks upon his politics. Perhaps this sort of defence will soon become unnecessary, since Goethe's contempt for ideologies might well provide a model for those who no longer wish to be duped.

Non-bibliophiles often find exhibitions about writers tiresome; but luckily the innumerable ladies whom Goethe met preserved quantities of paraphernalia, and his scientific activities and voluminous sketching add greatly to the aesthetic attractions of the show. The manuscripts and books emphasize poetry and novels at the expense of drama - perhaps regrettably, since Goethe was, like Shakespeare, an actor-manager (extraordinary for a Minister of State, until one remembers the political significance of theatres even in larger states like Ludwig II's Bavaria). He must have been a superb director; but he was capable of being *schindrig* (cutting) towards Kleist, whose play needed some imaginative performance to make any impact at all. Goethe's physical appearance is, inevitably, at the heart of the exhibition: there is only a photograph of the famous portrait by Tischbein (apart from Angelica Kaufmann, the most important artist to paint him), but many others are originals; one wonders how Germany can spare so much of its hoard of relics in this anniversary year. The sagacious face of his old age had scarcely set by his early sixties, if the portrait by Kugelgen of 1810 is credible (his only life-mask, 1807, suggests that it is). In 1815 a young woman like Madame von Willemer could still be attracted to him, and in the features of Goethe's celebrated drawing *Erdegeist* (1810) one may still discern his own.



Johann Ehrenfried Schumacher's copy of Georg Meissner's portrait of Goethe (1775). From the exhibition reviewed here.

Time and space

By Christopher Wintle

Goethe's Faust
Radio 3

The strength of the BBC's radio production of *Faust* lay in the intelligence of the casting. The central role is not an easy one. The outcast, Faust is sixty; at the close, when he dies, blinded, he is a hundred. Yet, as Thomas Mann pointed out, he is essentially a young man: young in the way he speaks, young in his overwrought intensity, and, in the later guilt-ridden stages, young in the outspoken disgust with which he reacts to the calamitous course of events that sees Gretchen imprisoned for the murder of their child. The range was skilfully and movingly explored by Simon Callow, who had in Ronald Pickup's Mephistopheles an equally versatile companion, scathing in his utterance of nihilistic truths, and momentarily tender in finding himself affected "so sweetly" by the chorus of angels. The Homunculus, too, was a delight. Asked how it would be possible to produce the "crabbed pedant" Wagner's pathetic and faded test-tube "midger" so that its voice would seem to come from its tiny glass bottle, Goethe recommended engaging a ventriloquist. Jane Knowles produced exactly the effect he envisaged: her "important words" surpassed "the capacity of a child", and her "hermaphroditical strains" emerged uncannily articulately.

Listening to *Faust* is as good a way of assimilating the play as any other. "The chief point is," said Goethe to Eckermann, "that *Faust* is written: the world may now do with it as it pleases and use it as far as it can". In one sense, the world has used it to great effect: the work has given rise to an entire tradition of German letters to any number of operas, oratorios, and symphonies by the most searching nineteenth-century composers as well as to illustrations (even Goethe was surprised by the power of Delacroix's imagination). In another sense, the world has found it perplexing. Obscure - sometimes wilfully so - in its network of allusion, unbalanced in its digressions, and indifferent to realistic staging demands, it is hard to mount convincingly in its entirety.

The abridged version by Louis MacNeice and E. L. Strehl, which was broadcast originally in 1949, stands up to the test of time very well. The lines have an elegant gait, the diction has a discreet sensuality, and MacNeice's vocabulary is tireless in ferreting out the *moi-jets*. Anthony Villa's adaptation consists mainly of making further abridgments, and of easing some of the more convoluted and loftily poetic phrases. Most of this work is adequately, though some changes show too little regard for the German original. In Part One, for example, Faust addresses the "Exalted Spirit" on the subject of Mephistopheles: "he lowers me in my own eyes and with / one whispered word can turn your gifts to nothing". By replacing "nothing" (Goethe's *Nichts*) with "nothingness" (Goethe's *Nothingness*) Villa conveys two agonies that in the context of the play are opposed: in the face of the devil's nihilism it is Faust's propensity for action, however erring, that redeems him in the eyes of God. Similarly, Mephistopheles's satiric, urban and subversive nature is wittily revealed when he first appears to Faust as a poodle. It is missing the point to alter each occurrence of "poodle" (*Pudel* in the German) to "dog".

In this kind of production, the music and effects offer a special delight. In 1829, Goethe considered it impossible that suitable music could be composed for *Faust*: "the awful and repulsive passages that must occasionally occur are not in the style of the time". Awfulness and repulsion (which Goethe thought Mozart alone could have managed) may be qualities which are more readily expressed by the music of our century than by that of his: yet Christos Pittas's newly commissioned score is adequately effective only in its most cloyingly sweet, seraphic vein. Most of the rest of the score - the songs especially - was artlessly simple. There were also missed opportunities with the effects: the Earth Spirit's presence ought to be "appalling", the bells that "pull back" the cup of poison from Faust's lips "with such power" should burst in tumultuously.

Ironically, some of the best musical effects emerged from the text in Part Two. The temporal dimension is full of striking contrasts. On one hand, Euphorion, Faust and Helen's child, matures veriginously in the space of two or three minutes from an infant to the unique, Byronic adult who flies like Icarus, too close to the sun. On the other hand, Faust's final assumption into heaven - what Lawrence called Goethe's bourgeois self-perversion into goodness - is so protracted that its very slowness becomes a reflection of eternity. And the very simple, mysterious invocation of the "Mothers" - a reference culled from Plutarch - whom Faust visits in order to summon up the image of Helen (Mother! / You show fear / The Mothers! Mother! It's so strange to hear) assumed in this production is a weird, grave resonance that was gripping.

New Oxford Books: Literature and Religion

Poetry of the Passion

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This study of the Passion in English verse traverses twelve centuries, starting with the *Dream of the Rood* - the history of Christian poetry in England starts with a masterpiece - to another masterpiece, David Jones's *Anathema*. Bennett's prime purpose was to expose a vein that runs right through our poetic history, and to indicate how poems cradled in the Age of Faith can still speak to our condition. £17.50

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J.A. Lyons, S.J.

Two characteristics of Christianity today are attempts to relate the faith to the ever-increasing scientific knowledge of our time and a concentration of interest and devotion on the person of Christ. These two concerns, ostensibly very different, come together in the term 'Cosmic Christ'. This book traces the development of that term from its beginnings in the Germany of the 1830s to the present day. £13.50

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Bryan Wilson

Bryan Wilson has traced the dominant contours of religion as perceived by the sociologist. His themes range from the study of secularism to the subtleties of the relationship between religion and culture in modern societies of the West and the East. The essays bring to comparative religion the rigour of the unifying perspectives of sociology, opening exciting possibilities for enquiry and research. £8.50 paperback £23.95

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion

Brian Davies, OP

Does rational enquiry show religious doctrines to be false, incoherent, or meaningless? Are there logical arguments for thinking that God exists or does not exist? This book is written for all those who have been puzzled by such questions. It examines critically the way in which they have been treated by philosophers in the past, and more recently by modern thinkers. £9.95 paperback £23.95 OPUS

The Oxford Edition of the Works of John Wesley

Volume 26: Letters II
Edited by Frank Baker

In this second volume of letters, Wesley's personal life is revealed in numerous letters between him and members of his family, especially his brother Charles. The book contains 270 letters from Wesley and 145 to him, the vast majority from 18th-century originals, many previously unpublished. £35

Oxford University Press

Turning inward

By Paul Overy

Les chefs d'oeuvre de Jackson Pollock
Pompidou Centre, Paris

This exhibition, which runs until May 10, is not enormous - it shares the fifth floor exhibition space at the Beaubourg with an excellent Man Ray show (until May 2) - but it is probably the most important Pollock show for twenty years and offers an opportunity to reassess Pollock's achievement twenty-six years after his death. The thirty-two works on show include almost all his best paintings, with the exception of "Blue Poles" which was apparently too fragile to move from the Australian National Gallery in Canberra. Because the Museum of Modern Art in New York is closed for alterations it was able to lend eleven of its thirteen Pollocks; there is a handsome and very bulky catalogue (£20p, £135 or £14 from the Arts Council Bookshop, Longcore).

The exhibition is very well laid out, with the exception of the entrance where one is forced to pass through a darkened room where the famous film of Pollock drip-painting is projected (there is no other way in). The huge works like "Summer Time" look particularly beautiful in the Beaubourg's hangar-like space. At first glance these enormous "drips" (as the French describe them) are revolting. But as one continues to look at them they start to ely. Great painting is often awkward and ugly: there are great pictures which are timid and beautiful, like Saurat's "Bathers" or Mondrian's finest paintings of the 1920s and 1930s. But in both these artists' works one is aware of a strong sense of social harmony and order. With Pollock, as with other American artists, such as Morris Louis, or even Mark Rothko, there is only an inward-turning, self-regarding beauty.

Superficially some of Pollock's work is reminiscent of Kandinsky's early abstractions, which he knew well from New York public collections. But Kandinsky's early abstract painting is rarely beautiful, although it has extraordinary energy and vital-

ity. And into the works painted around 1913-14 he concentrated far more than the personal expression and psychic exploration of Pollock. Kandinsky's early abstractions seem to embody the cataclysmic rupture and collapse of pre-1914 European civilization. By comparison Pollock's paintings made during and shortly after the Second World War remain personal. He was unable to transcend his private angst. His pictures inside walls of his mind", as John Berger once described them.

As an artist he was in many ways less interesting than his contemporaries. Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, Barnett Newman, Clifford Still and Mark Rothko; but he had the right kind of charisma and pedigree for success. He lived fast, died relatively young, and drank far too much. Whereas most of the other important artists of his generation were of European and/or Jewish origin, Pollock was pure WASP: born on a sheep-ranch in Cody, Wyoming, of Scots-Irish parents. In later photographs he played up to the tough-guy image: lean, balding, a cigarette hanging from his lips. The photographs and film of Pollock dripping paint in gestural swirls on canvases laid on the floor, levis smothered in paint, caught the public imagination. A painter like Pollock was gambling everything on the fact that he was the greatest painter in America", wrote John Ashbery. "For if he wasn't, he was nothing... In 1949 *Life* published a three-page article had colour spread entitled 'Jackson Pollock: Is he the greatest living painter in the United States?'"

In about 1951 figurative images began to re-appear in his work. This suggests that he was moving away from his abstract, all-over paintings. But his alcoholism was becoming chronic and in the last five years of his life he virtually gave up painting, at the moment when his work was beginning to be shown all over the world. Alcohol, sudden success, or the impossibility of working on the inside walls of his mind - it is difficult to know what caused Pollock's large talent virtually to dry up. When he was killed in a car accident in 1956 many felt it was a kind of suicide.

Teasing the Tetrarch

By Stoddard Martin

Salome
Covent Garden

Josephine Barstow's acting abilities were directed brilliantly in the English National Opera's recent production of *The Flying Dutchman*. Her Senta was a spoiled yet attractive teenager given to dreaming who, in her obsessive passion for a persecuted stranger, fulfilled her longing for self-aggrandizement. Finishing with a kind of drowning dance, this Senta possessed a number of characteristics Barstow has adopted to play Salome at Covent Garden. But either she was bored with the persona or producer Elijah Moshinsky had other ideas. Her Salome comes out as a pouting finger-sucking tease and her dance, far from revealing a driving inner impulse, is a naughty, calculated bit of play-acting.

She demands the head of Iokanaan to spite her step-father, not to avenge herself for having been scorned. Barstow makes this clear by putting more emphasis on Herod's promising than on her repeated calls for the head. The intimacy between step-father and daughter is in fact getting at mother with their flirtation, and Herod's apparent unusual vulnerability as a result. The lady Bracknell who brings a voice of realism to the proceedings by telling Herod he is ridiculous with his peacock becomes a fussbudget, concerned first for her husband's mental balance, later for her daughter's, and above all for her own vanity, which is attacked by the Prophet.

Romain Rolland complained that Iokanaan was the weak point of the opera; Norman Del Mar and others have echoed this. The composer of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* had, by his own admission, little enthusiasm for religion. Von Bülow dubbed Strauss an "Orientalist" and Strauss could never feel as at home among the pilgrims as in the Venusberg. It is a pity that Wilde, who admired the synthesis of sin and salvation motifs in the overture to *Tristan und Isolde*, was not

able to have "Richard I" set his piece. *Parzifal*, which evolved out of the same Parisian zeitgeist, has a similar kind of Christian feeling.

The music which Strauss wrote for Iokanaan may carry less conviction than that which Wagner wrote for his Grail knights, but in this production at least it works dramatically. As a review of the English premiere in 1910 pointed out, the change from Salome's sniggering and teasing to the smooth, solemn tones of the prophet is one of the most beautiful features of the opera. The single moment when the possibility of love penetrates the Salome's psyche is when Iokanaan sings about the Son of Man. In her soliloquy over the severed head, it is a memory of this moment which finally drives her to her suicide.

Bernd Weikl sang the Prophet with passion. A more meagre, wasted appearance might have been preferable, but Weikl's muscular masculinity helps explain why a sixteen-year-old should be attracted to an ostensibly tiresome, puritan. To some extent this masculinity becomes the focus of the production. (A huge phallic incense-burner stands sentinel throughout.) Herod is determined to defend it. Herodias is even more intent on destroying it; and it is because her daughter acts out this castrating female will that Herod turns on Salome in the end and, referring to her for the first time as "Weib", orders her death.

Ragner Ulfung and Josephine Veasey are magnificent as the decadent monarchs, whom they have played at Covent Garden before; drama and sense quicken with their entrance. Zubin Mehta conducts with briskness, detail and wit, reminding one of Strauss's playful assertion that the opera was "fairy music by Mendelssohn"; and it is heartening to see Mehta conducting Strauss after the interdiction he struggled against with the Israel Philharmonic. Gwynne Howell's trisyllabic voice as the first Nazarene; Ramon Rodriguez fills in admirably as Naboth; the five bickering Jews are excellent in their schizo-like moment of relief.

The set is more set-Scot-Ed than Oriental; but the suggestion of the golden, and forbidden, of the

desert at night, present also in Flaubert's "Hérodias", is appropriate. The huge moon at the back and the cistern centre-stage, suggesting Jungian mandalas, would have been more meaningful in a more psychologically profound production. In general this revival is unified and provocative, two prerequisites for its success. But by dispensing with the theme of obsessive passion, it deteriorates at times into a ludicrous display of one aristocratic family's grotesqueness; and I found myself longing for reminiscence of the innocent child with feet like "deux colombers" who was intrinsic to Wilde's inspiration and no doubt a reason he dedicated his play to Pierre Loti, the compiler of the songs of Billis.

The Soho Poly's season of Contemporary East/West German and Austrian Drama, *End of an Era*, continues with lunchtime performances of *Josef and Maria* by Peter Turrini (April 5-17), evening performances of *Neither Fish nor Fowl* by Franz Xaver Kroetz (April 5-8) and *Eve of Retirement* by Thomas Bernhard (April 12-16).

The Breaking of the Vessels
HAROLD BLOOM

The Breaking of the Vessels is an eloquent, aggressive, highly personal summary and apology by Harold Bloom of his theoretical and practical literary criticism of the last decade. A definitive statement of Bloom's concept of the poem as act, it both insists upon and exemplifies the conviction that all criticism must be experiential. Published April 1982, £7.00

Harold Bloom's is the first volume in a new and important series from The University of Chicago Press: *The World Library*. Each volume will present the thought of a distinguished critical theorist on a single topic, theme, or problem. The University will, in a highly focused and accessible fashion, expose, elaborate, and defend his stance as a theorist within the contemporary scene of his work.

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commentary

to the editor

'The White Hotel'

Sir, - While being in strong agreement with D. A. Kenrick's views (Letters, March 26) on the inappropriateness of an author (in this case D. M. Thomas and *The White Hotel*) quoting verbatim from another book (*Babi Yar*) in order to describe the horrific events which he has not himself the imaginative power to re-create, I would like to add what seems to me something even more reprehensible. In *The Times* (March 30) D. M. Thomas is quoted as saying: "I could have changed the order of the words but that would have been untruthful. The only person who could speak was the witness."

Precisely. The witness was Dina Prokhorova, a real human being and sufferer of these monstrosities. The words given to Thomas's fictional heroine are hers, and no writer has the moral right to take the experience of a real human being and attach it, for his or her own ends, to a made-up character, using the very words of that human being's testimony. Fact and fiction, reality and unreality do not blend this way: what has been produced instead is an oil-and-water mixture, a distinct whiff of moral unease.

EMMA TENNANT.

In Verse, 78 Elgin Crescent, London W11.

Sir, - Of course the taking of literary material from other sources is not itself blameworthy; but in *The White Hotel* the "borrowings" are symptomatic of a wider irresponsibility. By using verbatim accounts from *Babi Yar*, D. M. Thomas would seem to commit himself to a formidable exercise in "back-projection": since his novel is so concerned with an individual's psychology, he must create a character and a past for that character - which may plausibly emerge in Dina Prokhorova's real experiences. This involves re-creating not just memories, habits of mind and feeling, and perceptual characteristics (for even in disaster we each see differently) but those trivial uses of vocabulary and syntax that also differentiate us from each other, and which some at least of the great literary artists have captured in their fiction. I don't find myself convinced that Dina Prokhorova ever was Lisa, even given the time-lapses that Thomas allows himself.

Thomas's use of *Babi Yar* seems opportunist in a way characteristic of the novel as a whole. We are expected to see Lisa's illness as in some way symbolic of a sick civilization, and hence to accept the appropriateness of her death amidst the Nazi

holocaust; yet there is little to persuade us that Lisa is typical or representative of the European psyche. Again, the idea of a fictional Freudian case-study serves usefully to link the initial pornographic writings to the more naturalistic portions of the book; but the responsibilities the device would seem to entail are avoided. Despite a prefatory nod to the "noble myth" of psychoanalysis as a "hidden truth", and despite Lisa's evident improvement under analysis, Thomas remains evasive as to how far Freud is right about Lisa, or (by extension) her civilization. There are bet-hedging hints that the master may get things wrong, may even be insufficiently concerned with inconvenient fact; and the last section "In Purgatorio" (transmuted of C. S. Lewis at his most twee) surely contradicts one of the central premises on which Freud's analysis of human sickness was based.

Opportunism extends to the publishing history. The first section of Lisa's poem, which in the novel is clearly a product of sickness, was published by Thomas in 1979 as a poem in its own right - is it sick, or is it not? The "Castle Journal" which in the novel adds little but clarification to the "poem", looks suspiciously like a first, prose draft, rescued to pad out a page or two. It is the suspicion that the author is cleverly linking disparate materials rather than achieving an organic unity that leads readers into a mistaken attack on the "borrowings" themselves as evidence of imaginative failure.

DAVID FROST.

St John's College, Cambridge.

The Ruskins

Sir, - Like James Dearden (Letters, March 26) I was somewhat dismayed that reviewers appeared to be ignoring my references. In my discussion of the Ruskins' honey-moon in *The Wider Sea* (p. 175) I discuss the onset of Elsie's period and refer the reader (in note 79) to Mary Lutyens's consideration of the same event in the TLS of March 3, 1978. What Miss Lutyens had tentatively suggested there I offered with more confidence in its being a "fact", because in my judgment the various remarks she brought together established the case more conclusively than she seemed willing to admit. I am sorry if that was not clear.

JOHN DIXON HUNT.

Bedford College, Regent's Park, London NW1.

Author, Author is on p. 423.

'Charles Ryder's Schooldays'

Sir, - As I was at school with Evelyn Waugh, and as I now keep the Lancing archives, may I be allowed to throw some light on *Charles Ryder's Schooldays*, which you published on March 3?

First, "Sperpoint" is transparently Lancing. The description of the buildings and the surroundings is photographically accurate and even the pseudonym is a strong hint, for Hursipoint College is a brother school in Sussex on the same Woodard foundation.

Secondly, the institutions and practices of Lancing at that time are correctly described and named: for example, Head's House, Olds House, House-captains (for House prefects), the Settle (a position of minor responsibility for boys who had not yet been awarded a study), Under-school for fag-library privileges, prayers in the dormitories, the arrangement of chapel services (small boys frequently fainted when there was a choral eucharist before breakfast). The list could be extended. The local slang is correct for the time: "dibs" for prayers, "lip" for impudence, "light" for a severe caning, "greasing" for toadying. "Coming to the Graves" says O'Malley in the text. This is clearly an error; "Graves" should have read "Groves", the Lancing name for latrines which lay apart from the main buildings. It was the custom for a boy intending to go there to invite a friend to accompany him. "Coming to the Groves" was a phrase that could have been heard twenty times a day.

Thirdly, Waugh emphasizes the date, September 24, 1919. That term there were in fact, as in the story, six new boys in Head's House, only one senior boy in the House had left, there was a new master in charge of the Upper Fifth (F. A. Woodard, a grandson of the founder, who tried to teach them the "new" pronunciation of Greek as "Peacock" does in the story), there was a new House Tutor in Head's, E. B. Gordon, and the previous one, W. B. Harris, had become House Master of another House.

Fourthly, all the events described in the text did in fact take place during that term (as can be easily checked from the diaries), and all the characters, masters and boys, are real people accurately described by Waugh as seen by him at the time and only thinly disguised - generally by no more than a pseudonym. Of the masters "Graves" is E. B. Gordon, who tried hard to penetrate Evelyn's armour of prejudice. He had a childlike candour and I have little doubt that he actually said the words "You don't like me, do you?" "Frank" is W. B. Harris, always known as "Dick", who was House Master of Gibbs, which Waugh calls "Brent's", a name transferred from Brent Smith who was at that time director of music. A. A. Carmichael, "awfully known as Sperpoint" is A. A., is J. F. Roxburgh, the first Head Master of Stowe, is always known as "J. F." Waugh transfers him from Cambridge to Oxford and gives him a Spanish instead of a French degree, but the portrait is unmistakable. The form master of the Middle Fifth, whom Waugh calls "Tea Cake", is Noel James whose nickname among the boys was "Dough Bun". Sometimes Waugh does not even bother to give a pseudonym. Easton is the real boy's name and "Uncle George" was the nickname of George Smythe, another House Master.

Of the boys, "Charles Ryder" is of course Waugh, "Tamplin" is Fremlin (Tamplins and Fremlins were both well-known breweries), "Curtis Dunne" is Hugh Molson (Lord Molson) who had in fact, as in the story, come late to Lancing from Dartmouth and it is true that his father was an MP who lived in a large house in the neighbourhood, but near Worthing, not Steyning.

"Wheatley" is Roger Fulford, who entered Lancing the same term as Waugh and like him had been passed over for the Settle. Fulford was more appreciative of his House Tutor than Waugh was. The real name of the unhappy Desmond O'Malley was Desmond O'Connor. Was O'Malley descended from Mallovan? Max Mallovan, the archaeologist, was in the same house and form as Waugh and is, I think, portrayed as "Jorkins". O'Connor was not in fact in the despised Army Class but in the Clas-

sical Middle Fifth. Later he went to Sandhurst and according to the school register was killed in India. Waugh, in *A Little Learning*, repeats the error about the Army Class and says that he committed suicide. "Mercer", the real name of a boy in another House, is Dudley Carew, author and journalist.

It is clear that *Charles Ryder's Schooldays* is a record of fact, containing accurate portraits of real people, not a work of the imagination. What can have been Waugh's purpose in writing it? I think the key is to be found in *A Little Learning*. He says there that in reading his diaries he was shocked at his callousness and that he had been conceited, heartless and malevolent. In particular I think he regretted the way he had reacted to Gordon, his House Tutor, who did so much for him. He also records that when he was older he lost his hero-worship towards his former Tutor, Dick Harris. I think that he was intending to make amends as the story developed. There are hints to support this view. "Wheatley" says, "Well, all I can say is, when he wants to be decent, he is decent." Again after the assembling of the printing press Evelyn writes, "the common labour... had drawn them together". A further hint is given in his description of the tutor, He makes "Frank" (Harris) "a little wain, for he was in constant pain" from an injury "which had kept him at Sperpoint throughout the war" and he speaks of innocent blue eyes. Of "Graves" (Gordon) he says that he had been in the army and recently returned to the school. He has interchanged the men. It was Gordon who suffered from his injury and Harris who had been in the army.

I cannot see that the story has anything to do with *Brideshead* apart from the name, Charles Ryder. By the time Waugh had reached the end of the first chapter he must have realized that if the story was to be continued simply as a factual account of his own school life thinly disguised, it would be neither an autobiography nor a very good school story for the general reader.

B. W. HANDFORD.

21 The Street, North Lancing, West Sussex.

Among this week's contributors

JOHN ADLARD's books include *The Fruit of the Forbidden Tree*, 1975, and *One Evening of Light* in *London*, 1980.

VICTOR BAILEY is the editor of *Policy and Punishment in Nineteenth-Century Britain*, 1981.

HAROLD BLOOM is Professor of Humanities at Yale. His most recent book is *Agon: Towards a Theory of Revisionism*, 1982.

HUMPHREY CARPENTER is the author of *Jesus*, in the Oxford Past Master Series, 1980.

HENRY CHADWICK is Regius Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge. His most recent book is *Boethius: The Consolations of Music, Logic, Theology and Philosophy*, 1981.

DAVID COLLARD is Professor of Humanities and Social Sciences at the University of Bath.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the author of *Everywhere Spoken Against: Dissent in the Victorian Novel*, 1975.

JACK DOMINIAN is a consultant psychiatrist at the Central Middlesex Hospital. His most recent book is *Murder, Path and Love*, 1981.

D. J. ENRIGHT's *Collected Poems* was published last year.

ARIL FITZLYON is working on a biography of the singer, Maria Malibran.

LORD GOODMAN was Chairman of the Arts Council from 1963 to 1972. He is President of the National Book League.

D. W. HARDING's books include *The Iron Age in Lowland Britain*, 1974.

D. R. HARRIS is Professor of Human Environment at the Institute of Archaeology, University of London, and editor of *Human Ecology in Savanna Environments*, 1980.

J. L. HOULDSBY is a lecturer in New Testament Studies at King's College, London.

DAVID INGLEBY is a Fellow of Darwin College, Cambridge. He is the editor of *Critical Psychiatry: The Politics of Mental Health*, 1980.

KENNETH INGHAM is Professor of History at the University of Bristol.

BARNABAS LINDARS is Rylands Professor of Biblical Criticism and Exegesis at the University of Manchester.

ADRIAN LYTTLETON is the author of *The Seizure of Power: Fascism in Italy 1919-1929*, and editor of *Italian Fascism: From Pareto to Gentile*, both 1973.

PATRICK MCCARTHY is the author of *Collins*, 1975; his biography of Albert Camus is published this month.

KATE MCLUSKEY is a lecturer in Drama at the University of Kent.

IAN MCEWAN's most recent novel, *The Comfort of Strangers*, was published last year.

P. J. MARSHALL is Professor of History at King's College, London.

WILFRID MALLER's most recent book is *Back and The Dance of God*, 1981.

PATRICK O'CONNOR is the editor of *A Tribute to Yvonne Printemps*, 1978.

PAUL OVERY, teaches Cultural History at the Royal College of Art.

D. M. PALLISER is the author of *Tudor York*, 1979.

DERRICK PUFFETT is a Fellow of Wolfson College, Oxford.

VERNON REYNOLDS is the author of *The Apes*, 1968.

PAT ROGERS is the author of *The Augustan Vision*, 1974, and *Henry Fielding: A Biography*, 1979.

A. N. SHERWIN-WHITE was Reader in Ancient History at the University of Oxford from 1966 to 1978. His books include *Roman Society and Roman Law in the New Testament*, 1963.

A. W. B. SIMPSON is Professor of Law at the University of Kent.

ROY STRONG is Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. His books include *The Renaissance Garden in England*, 1979.

JOHN SUTHERLAND's books include *Bestsellers: Popular Fiction in the 1970s*, 1981.

J. O. URMSON's books include *Berkeley*, in the Oxford Past Master Series, 1962.

ROGER WARREN is a lecturer in English at the University of Leicester.

CHRISTOPHER WINTLE is a lecturer in Music at Goldsmiths' College, London.

Harold Bloom

In earlier centuries, when there was no copyright, there was also less confusion than we have now on the phenomenon we call literary plagiarism. I suspect this term to be an oxymoron, which is to say that plagiarism seems to me a legal rather than a literary matter. From a literary perspective, Emerson's aphorism is definitive: "The originals are not original." The more deeply and widely we read, the more we become aware that good poems, novels and essays are webs of allusion, sometimes consciously and voluntarily so, but perhaps to a greater degree without design. This unknowing allusiveness, carried far enough, can become quotation, and no writer ever can be certain precisely when he is quoting. Memory, as we so often forget, is a principal mode of cognition in literature, and memory necessarily is as unreliable as it is creative. Great critics like Hazlitt and Pater tended to quote from memory in their essays, and their inevitable misquotations are considerably more enlightening than invariable accuracy could have been. Misquotation, when performed by a creative critic, can be a vital mode of interpretation.

At the other limit of quotation, we have the superb example of Pierre Menard, author of the *Quixote*, where Borges persuades us that chronological recontextualization can alter sense and aesthetic value, though Menard faithfully copies Cervantes word for word, Borges is the master of the art of mistaken attribution, and has learned from Emerson that one poet wrote all the poems, that one storyteller told all the stories. But such hyperbole, though it hints at truth, makes the common reader uneasy. Dr Johnson spoke permanently for the common reader when he observed that the essence of poetry was invention. Despite his ambivalence towards Milton, Johnson's respect for originality led him to exalt *Paradise Lost* over all poems since Homer's. The same respect moved him to deprecate Virgil, as having been too much the mere imitator of Homer. Johnson remains the greatest critic in the language, yet his demand for originality was in conflict with his moral vision of literature, and in any case is scarcely available to us in our conscious belatedness. We stay away from the overt criticism of originality, and we have learned to ask for it under different and more nuanced names.

I myself tend to ask for originality as what I call a writer's "strong misreading" of precursors. Perhaps this is only to expect from a writer that he will be too skilled a craftsman, too alive an intellect, to copy from forerunners without making many interesting mistakes that must be all his own. Imaginative error and rhetorical trope may be two phrases that come to much the same thing, which can be interpreted to mean that an authentic writer is never in much danger of legal plagiarism. Plagiarism is after all a rather pious activity; it involves so great a reverence for a text that even its previous copyists' errors become sacred to us. We realize the degree to which we are mere plagiarists when we reflect upon how reluctant we are to accept corrections in poems we have loved too long and too well. Plagiarism is exposed as the idolatry it is when we recall my initial resistance to some crucial restorations of Wallace Stevens's texts made by his daughter Holly. It was some years before I could accept the change she rightly made at the opening of her father's magnificent death lyric, "Of Mere Being". My desire to read "The Breeze" at the end of the mind, / In the breeze, distance" persisted for a long time after I had been persuaded that the poet's palm had risen "in the breeze" again. But my resistance was that of the plagiarist, and so was not a literary resistance.

It follows from my insistence that plagiarism is not a literary phenomenon, that only one moral attitude towards plagiarism is possible in a literary context. This is that only great writers should be plagiarized. To copy second-rate authors indeed is immoral. Consider the rabblement constituted by most of our current writing, psychoanalysts. When they steal from one another, they merely debate their weakened currency further, and there is a kind of immorality in that, since inevitably their bad currency drives out the good. When, however, they are fervent idolaters of Freud's greatness, and simply plagiarize him, then they are perfectly moral in their activity. The literary question in regard to supposed plagiarism therefore should always be: What is the quality of the stolen material? If it is commonplace or worse, then we ought to disapprove, and perhaps a copyright holder might contemplate legal action. But if the original is of real power and beauty, then our reaction ought not to be either moral or legal. By calling the original again to our attention, the copyist, however unwittingly, has performed a critical function for us. We will be led to ask: How original is this original? Whatever the answer, we will be led on also to Emerson's paradox. If the originals are not original, then what is originality? Perhaps the social function of what we call plagiarism is the reawakening of that ancient question.

The length of copyright protection has been a matter of continuous argument. It is relevant to note that

Plagiarism - a symposium

the notion of any copyright - of rights in intellectual property accruing to its creator - is, by the timetable of legal conceptions, a modern one. It is a right unknown to the ancient systems of law, and although the greatest of all ancient systems - the Roman Law - has provided legal institutions which have served, either intact or with moderating changes, since before the time of Justinian, it must not be forgotten that in the whole of his huge compilation, the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, there is not a single word to suggest that an author or artist could be entitled to prevent the multiplication of copies of his work or to prevent others from public performance, adaptation or any other use - whether fair or unfair. It is a chastening reflection (if little encouragement to the development of copyright) that neither Homer nor Aristophanes, neither Virgil nor Ovid would have been receipt of a single royal statement.

There were, alas, no belligerent lady writers in those days to assert the rights of their colleagues, and in none of the great libraries of the world was there any notion of public lending right. Over many centuries no copyright protection of any kind existed. I am not familiar with most of the world's legal systems but those I know something about - for instance the works of the Dutch jurists which furnished the primary source of the Roman/Dutch law - are equally free of any protection or reward for the creative artist. Nor was the situation improved by Caxton's invention. It was, indeed, several centuries later that the idea grew up that a man should earn something from his writing, music or from the reproduction of his paintings. The commercial exploitation of the brain-children of others was viewed with complete composure by the entire world, including, weirdly enough, the majority of the creative artists who were so despoiled.

The best statement of this situation is to be found in the short and wholly readable book on copyright by the late Augustine Birrell. Birrell wrote rather charmingly about the length of copyright protection:

Half a century writes Fins to most authors, while in the case of the few who prove to be for all time, the feeling of mankind would be one of resentment were there now living in Paternoster Row or Madrid or Florence a capitalist who could say, "Hamlet is mine." "Sancho Panza is mine." "The Inferno belongs to me." Who would not feel that this disrespect to the bourgeois was the enemy and the friend of the worldwide genius of Shakespeare, of Cervantes, of Dante?

Birrell came down sensibly against any question of perpetual copyright, but "how long?" is an immensely difficult question.

The Copyright Committee of 1952 heard a great number of witnesses on this matter. The two extremes were polarized by Dr Marie Stopes, who argued for perpetual copyright, and Professor Sir Arnold Plant, who was satisfied with a much shorter period than our fifty years. Any inclination the committee might have felt to shorten the monopoly term was faithfully dealt with by the evidence of the late Sir Stanley Unwin - then recognized as the doyen of English publishers - who rendered his craft yet a further service by establishing to the satisfaction of the committee that, in order to remain in business, a publisher must regard his business as a whole and must be allowed to balance his unsuccessful ventures against the successful ones. In short, that the unsuccessful book does to oblivion in five minutes, the successful one must enjoy exclusive selling rights for fifty years - and if Sir Stanley had had his way, for longer than that. This debate continued, and as one grows older one becomes increasingly surprised as famous names such as W. S. Gilbert, Rudyard Kipling or Conan Doyle go out of copyright, and one has a sneaking sympathy with those relatives who might rightly enjoy the benefits of their ancestors' literary

or musical eminence, now deprived of a penny-worth of further revenue.

I have said that the question of plagiarism is in any practical sense wholly bound up with the existence and duration of copyright. Except in relation to encyclopaedias and books of reference, the creative author shuns plagiarism since he or she firmly believes that they can write better novels than Trollope or Jane Austen, better thrillers than Ian Fleming, better poems than Longfellow or Wordsworth and better almost everything else.

The cases of alleged plagiarism in which I have been involved nearly always grew from a situation where both authors relied on common source material. Some years ago there was an agreeably comic situation in which two film companies were each racing to produce a film about Oscar Wilde and it was thought that the winner of the race would secure a substantial commercial advantage. One company sought to enjoin the other against using any material deriving from the three trials (the libel action abruptly terminated; the first criminal case ending in a jury's disagreement and the second ending in the tragic and brutal conviction). It emerged that there was no verbatim transcript of the trials and that if there was, it could not be traced. There was however a book called (I believe) *Oscar Wilde Three Times Tried* published anonymously in Paris, which contained very full versions of the proceedings. One of the two companies sought to enjoin the other from using any of this material by the device of purchasing the rights in the book from the executors of the author - whose identity they had traced. It emerged - to add to the farce - that the beneficiary who would have owned the copyright, had it belonged to the author, was the Marybelle Labour Party. By dint of tireless research the legal sleuths were able to find and purchase the book for a modest sum of money. All this exertion deserved a better reward than a judgment on the ground that to establish the identity of a book published anonymously did not transfer the rights of ownership to that anonymous author but left them - as the Copyright Act provides - with the publisher.

A very real difficulty about plagiarism arises in relation to a work about an historical character incident. Mary, Queen of Scots comes to mind. The facts are common knowledge: the Darnley has blown not far outside Edinburgh, that there was a set of casket letters and their contents and so on. What, of course, can be "original" - although it is not always so - is whether or not Mary caused Darnley to be blown up; whether the casket letters were or were not forgeries; whether Elizabeth signed the Warrant of Execution knowingly or was deceived into doing so by Cecil. But it is immensely dangerous to produce a film about Mary, Queen of Scots if the script-writers have read some standard work or biography. How can they possibly establish that the sequence of events and arrangement of events is not a breach of the copyright of the author?

Some years ago I was concerned in a case relating to the film *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Had the author of the script not read my client's work there is little or no doubt that he could not have been in breach of copyright. But as he candidly admitted he had read it, the court ruled against him and there was a substantial award of damages. Yet I do not believe that anyone would regard the author as having committed any moral offence.

It is in the realm of music that plagiarism - although even here relatively rare - is most likely to be suspected. It is frequently purely innocent and most frequently relates to popular music. A song-writer has a snatch of melody in his mind which he fails to recognize in its fact an existing popular tune; he embodies it in what he honestly and conscientiously believes to be a wholly new composition. To his indignation a letter is received from one of the three or

four firms of solicitors who menace the unfortunate composer, stating that he has invaded the copyright of "Tea for Two" or "Roll out the Barrel" (both fictitious examples) and asking what he is going to do about it. The answer is that the justice meted out is rough justice but not unfair. If a sufficient number of bars are identical, then if the unfortunate composer is to have some protection, the question of whether the infringement is accidental or deliberate is really irrelevant. It is a near impossibility to determine this fact, since there is no more retentive element of the human mind than that which captures snatches of music.

A conclusion might be, first, that plagiarism is not a serious offence to writing or other artistic creativity; and, second, that an appropriate legal right must be maintained to prevent it, since the whole of the modern trend is to seek to improve the rights of the artistic creator rather than to diminish them. An excellent illustration of this is the indignation now felt - a matter debated last week in the House of Lords - about the use of cassettes to reproduce music and other copyright creations without any kind of payment or remuneration. This is a difficult subject which enjoyed a long and not very fruitful debate in the Lords and which still requires to be solved by a generous manifestation from some quarter. At the moment the argument is about which quarter.

Ian McEwan

There can hardly be a graver charge against an author than plagiarism. When recently I found myself accused of this crime - quite unfairly and probably flippantly - in *The Spectator*, it was some days before I could shake off a mood of brooding indignation. For in our literary tradition, with its powerful emphasis on the uniqueness of the individual imagination, to be a plagiarist is to be fundamentally dishonest. It is to claim as uniquely yours what is uniquely someone else's and is a tacit admission that your own imagination is defective, insufficient to sustain its own peculiar hold on the world. What is the point of you if you cannot think things up for yourself?

Our collective sensitivity to plagiarism is as good a watchdog of a writer's ownership of a work as any number of copyright laws. And yet writers are in each other's pockets all the time, and not always dishonestly either.

No writer, I suppose, would claim absolute specificity for his or her imagination. Language itself is, of course, a common property, and so too are many of the things it describes. Beyond that, we value continuity in our literary culture and whole university departments have been erected to house scholars and teachers, one of whose main functions has been to address themselves to the similarities between writers, to trace lines of descent or common imaginative responses (to say, historical change). And if writers appear to resemble each other for reasons of history, geography, class, sex or spirit of the Age, they ameliorate these similarities with their own borrowings, allusions, influences, tributes and pastiches: there are many novelists now who feel that books, particularly fiction, are as legitimate a part of their total experience as sex or death, and their work is drenched in their reading. The house of fiction has come to resemble a crowded rush-hour tube train. Does get trodden on, fights among the passengers are frequent.

Plagiarism is rarely so simple as straightforward theft. Apart from the larger matter of dishonesty, it is hard to conceive of contemporary writers thumping through books, long out of print, searching for neat plots or well-turned phrases. The penalties are high, and so is the likelihood of being discovered a plagiarist. It is more feasible that many cases of plagiarism are forms of unconscious

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imitation, or mistaken borrowing. Writers borrow from one another, and the more self-aware they are in doing so, and the more celebrated their source, the less likely they are to be accused of plagiarism. It is said they are most vulnerable to attack in the 1930s. Hugh MacDiarmid published a poem, "Perfect", which was in 1965 revealed in the TLS to be another man's piece of prose with line breaks inserted. A famous row ensued. MacDiarmid claimed that he had come across the material in one of his own notebooks and had assumed it was his. More recently, a young American writer, Jacob Epstein, made a similar claim when his novel, *Wild Oats*, was shown to contain numerous phrases and sentences from Martin Amis's novel, *The Rachel Papers*.

In both instances it is easier to believe the authors guilty of a mistake — albeit a serious one — than of dishonesty. Otherwise, one would have to attribute to them an improbable degree of cynicism and folly. And yet it is the suggestion of dishonesty, of an author being found out like an embezzler with his hands in the till of another man's imagination, that gives each case of plagiarism its heady flavour of scandal.

Last month I was re-reading Craig Raine's collection of poems, *A Mortuary Sends a Postcard Home*. In a poem called "In the Mortuary" I came across the lines:

Somehow else, not here, someone knows her hair is parted wrongly.

The final scene of my novel *The Comfort of Strangers* takes place in a mortuary and contains the sentence: "But she explained nothing, for a stranger had arranged Colin's hair the wrong way." I wrote my scene more than a year after first reading, then half forgetting, Raine's poem. And yet I remember the idea of a corpse's hair being combed the wrong way in a mortuary coming to me as though it was my own. If I were ever to prepare another edition of this novel, I doubt if I would want to remove my sentence. Is this plagiarism then, or a borrowing, or an "influence"? Apparently, when he read my novel Raine generously took the sentence to be a tribute, and he has confessed that in turn borrowed from the end of my short story "Photography" for the end of his poem. "Oberfeldweibel Beckstadt." My lawyers will be in touch.

Wilfrid Mellers

The idea of plagiarism still raises extravagant passions in our community. It is here salutary to remember that the concept is not absolute, but socially-conditioned. I am reminded of this the more potently because over the past few years I have been working on and writing about the sung poetry and music of Appalachian mountain folk. While at some dark backward and abysm of time the words and maybe tune of a particular love-song or ballad must have been "made up" by a specific person, the song has long since become common property which he who runs may read or rather sing, changing or modifying it in the process as whim or the occasion takes him.

A song is not individually "owned", because it has not been individually "manufactured"; and even in high cultures there is usually a comparable overlap between private and public meanings, so that the community remains relatively small- and homogenous. Handel, for instance, became a, even the, central representative of Augustan England, and the Handelian cadential peroration, which may to us sound so familiar as to seem commonplace, was a valid means of saying to himself and his contemporary audience: "I'm all right, Augustus". Of course what makes Handel a great composer is the tension that exists, in all but his most workaday productions, between such public assumptions and the complex realities of private experience. None the less, the fact that Handel and his public shared assumptions meant that the individual maker or artist did not need to assert an absolute right to his own creation. Once made, it could become common property; and did, for Handel borrowed copiously and unashamedly

from his contemporaries as well as himself, while Bach put the Christian virtue of charity to practical use, translating to his own purposes considerable stretches of Vivaldi, Telemann, Couperin and others. Though he usually improved his models in the process, that was not the point of the exercise. He acted rather as a citizen of Europe, drawing on a common heritage.

It is not that these composers lacked strong personal identities; those they took for granted, since their aim was not personal aggrandizement but to succour the world they lived in. In return it supported them in material terms, and this is true whether an artist palpably bolsters the State, as Handel did, or whether, like Bach, he sublimely believes his music to be "an harmonious euphony for the Glory of God and the instruction of my neighbour". In either case originality, as such, is not cultivated. When later, especially in the nineteenth century, originality became a *plus ultra* and the pleasure that was certainly not without price, it did so as part of a psychological process that was also sociological and economic. In a producer-consumer society, the producer must protect his rights; and calls on moral rights in doing so. Even if he who steals my wares may be stealing trash, his theft may threaten my livelihood. Copyright safeguards the precious lifeblood of a master, or even a mint, spirit.

The language of music is relatively abstract, whereas words have definable meanings. For this reason plagiarism in literature is a trickier, because more specific, problem than in music. Even so, the position is not radically distinct, as is evident if we recall historical attitudes to translation: the sense in which, say, Chapman's *Roman of the Rose*, Chapman's *Homer*, Florio's *Montaigne*, Motteux's *Don Quixote*, even a gallimaufry like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, are simultaneously new and borrowed artefacts. During the heyday of *laissez faire* capitalism literary property rights were more rigorously enforced; over the past seventy or eighty years, however, such rights have weakened, or have tarnished along with the social attitudes that fostered them: as is manifest in such multifarious phenomena as Pound's pillage of the past, Joyce's multi-layered cultural and social strata, Brecht's identification of poet and people, Burroughs's exploitation of the collage and cut-out. The same process has occurred in music: earliest and most rewarding in Ives's interlarded quotations from the demotic musics, religious and secular, on which he and his society had been nurtured; more recently and more self-consciously in Maxwell Davies's use of parody (in both the usual and the speeded sixteen-century senses) in his highly personal music. Still more recently, like American composer George Rochberg, has made the near-plagiarism of the classical paradoxical moral principle, safeguarding us against dissipation and despair now that the intellectual contrivance of serialism has, in his view, failed us.

In our polyglot world, our global village, in which both time and space are interfused, layers of experience must coexist. This is partly a negative phenomenon, in that we live vicariously, in a museum culture; but it is also positively stimulating, in that the museum has grown so vast that it has few limits temporal or geographical. In any given artefact everything depends on how far our confusion is illuminated. If not ordered: on what is *done* with the objects borrowed or stolen from the museum.

Pat Rogers

If the dream of intertextuality culminates in illicit union, then allusion aspires to a companionate marriage. In high Augustan literature, there is seldom much doubt concerning the relationship of the parties. A formalized mode of allusion like the "imitation" is based on a widely understood contract, and it is these terms which Dryden undertook to define in a celebrated passage.

The third way of rendering a text in another language is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to

vary from the words and the sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the groundwork, as he pleases.

"Run division" here means execute musical ornamentations. What the statement shows is that the heart of this activity lay in creating *discrepancy*. You alluded in order not to copy; you imitated, that is, at a conscious distance.

Of course, it must have been a thin pretence that all readers were familiar enough with the original to adjudge the scale of graceful departure. So the advertisement to the *Dunciad Variorum* runs, "the Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them"; and Pope appeals to Vida and Fracastorius (whoever he may be) to defend his poem from the charge of having become "too much a *Cento*". Another back-handed reference occurs in Chapter Nine of *Persuasion*, where we are told that "imitation consists of two sorts: the first is when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors." Working backwards, one extrapolates the idea that a true imitation will allow the original "thought" to go on making its own point. Allude, collude: the common root *ludere* suggests "play along with".

A licence has been issued here, for a particular sort of recognized borrowing. Characteristically, this exception highlights a generally fierce attitude in the eighteenth century towards unacknowledged or unoriginal pillaging. Johnson defines "plagiarism" first as an agent and then as an activity: "A thief in literature; one who steals the thoughts or writings of another." 2. The crime of literary theft. Not used. "His Dictionary is singularly good at owning up where its maker had followed the tracks of predecessors. But it was quarried unabashedly by the next generation of lexicographers: the same entry in *The New and Complete Dictionary* by John Ash (1775) reads, "A thief in literature, one that clandestinely borrows the thoughts or expressions of another; literary thief, plagiarism." Ash is usually closer than Johnson to the modulations from *stare* to *borrows* may reflect his concealed anxiety.

It need not be emphasized that the age was thoughtfully aware of property rights, and that from 1710 onwards the Copyright Act had given writers (as opposed to booksellers) their first statutory title to ownership. The famous lawsuits over "perpetual copyright", fought in the name of Shakespeare and Milton, dramatized a struggle about ownership, availability (the existence of cheap vernacular classics was at stake), the nature of what is communal and what is private. Literary manners encouraged one sort of appropriation: courtroom case-law might attempt to restrict another sort. Efforts were made to curtail the freebooting activities linked with a (real or fictitious) Dutch impostor. Usually the Irish trade went its own sweet way, although when Pope sued Curll in 1741 the Lord Chancellor rejected the defendant's plea that "all Persons in this Kingdom have a first printed here may be lawfully reprinted in that Kingdom". It was only a gadfly like Curll who wished to resist the pressure to tighten things up: the commercial interests of the book trade coincided with the authors' desire to keep some sort of control over where and when their books were published.

It has been well established that in a property-conscious society commercial crimes like fraud become more conspicuous. Johnson's acquaintance Dr Dodd was a literary man who notoriously came into conflict with the forgers' laws. This was in the very decade of Chatterton, when public attention had been focused on the cultural, rather than legal, implications of the concept. There, further years on, after the execution of Dodd, Herbert Croft produced his strange work entitled *Love and Madness: Sir Isaac True*. This included a large chunk about Chatterton: according to Southey and others, Croft had in effect plagiarized this material from the Chatterton family. At all events, Croft thought that "forgery" had become too blunt a term.

For Chatterton's sake, the English language should add another word to its Dictionary; and should not suffer the same term to signify a crime for which a man suffers the most ignominious punishment, and the deception of ascribing a false antiquity of two or three centuries to compositions for which the author's name deserves to live for ever.

Yet one more decade on, and we reach the creative inventions of young William Henry Ireland — Shakespearean documents (almost, if not quite, his laundry-bill), a love-letter to Anna Hatherrawgery, and the lost tragedy of *Vortigern and Rowena*, which even Kemble and Mrs Jordan finally had to play for laughs at Drury Lane. (Though Boswell had gone down on his knees when the memorabilia were shown to him.) Seventeen seems to be the peak age for literary forgers.

Somewhere between the outright deception of an Ireland and the confident aliveness of an "imitation" lies a difficult area of half-concealed borrowing. Some of this latter practice may involve what D. A. Kerrick, in his recent letter to the TLS (March 26), calls "the resources of imaginative re-creation". But we are scarcely dealing here with philosophical distinctions. The limits of what is permissible are drawn differently according to generic and contextual factors. Goldsmith is unblinking about his raids on Pluche for the hack compilation *Animated Nature* — though it is in part the unblinking quality which defines the production as hack-work: he is more discreet about his echoes of Montaigne in *The Traveller*. Some eighteenth-century transfers of literary property consist of making over for the sake of exercise, like Bach transcribing Vivaldi. Some draw across the letter but not the spirit of another text. Again, we find Sterne misappropriating his own assize sermon in *Tristram Shandy*, a kind of autoplagiarism. The sermon was dragged from its official, obsolete and undisturbed state for a flagrantly improper use: first published, according to the formula, "at the request of the High Sheriff and Grand Jury", a full ten years before, it now found itself snatched from the ambitious young preacher by the mischievous novelist.

Anything the writer has acquired, by whatever means, and made part of himself, is *there*, as far as the creative imagination goes. That's why there can never be a general theory of plagiarism. Readers may absorb, scholars may docket, but artists feed on what they encounter. Cynical plagiarism exists, no doubt, but quite apart from it occurs that ingestion of other minds which is such a marked feature of the truly creative psychology. You and I may lease the imaginative space of books: *nam quod emas possis iure vocare tuum*. It takes another creator to colonize that space.

John Sutherland

For the legally untrained mind there is something mysterious in copyright. An immaterial property right, it inheres in a perfect, Platonic idea of the "work" which elusively transcends any possible book (or other thing reproduced). Things are complicated by the fact that, in copyright, "work" is not conceived as message or content, but the strict form of words used. There is, famously, no copyright in ideas.

For all its restrictions, copyright thus allows compensatory freedoms. These are more apparent if one compares it with the law for industrial patents. The xerox machine (a major means by which copyright is infringing, as it happens) monopolizes by virtue of patent-protection of the technological principle on which it operates: there is, that is to say, potential ideas. One cannot, analogously, take out copyright in literary devices or inventions (say "irony" or "the alternative universe SF gimmick").

Where minimal precautions have

been taken to paraphrase, plagiarism is a hard case to bring and prosecute more frequent in America, like other forms of damage litigation). The fact that a writer may freely reap where he has not sown constitutes a major liberty of literature. Much popular fiction is organized on the principle of "me-tooism". Blockbusters like *Jaws* or *The Godfather* will spawn clusters of hangers-on, as shamelessly derivative as the law will permit. Placing a higher premium on originality, "literary" authors resist the pull of me-tooism ("influence") and protect their individuality. Graham Greene, for instance, felt at an early stage of his career that Conrad was too potent a presence in his fiction, and prophylactically kept away from his favourite novelist. Freud denied himself the luxury of Nietzsche — fearing that the philosopher was too close to his way of thinking.

Probably the most wounding insult one can level at a self-respecting author is "plagiarist", suggestive as it is of underhand theft and impotence. And yet creative writers, especially novelists, feel some ambivalence on the issue. On the one hand dignity demands protection for the sanctity of "their" work. On the other, story-tellers are naturally jackdaws. Any one who has heard a good joke well told; passes it on with embellishments and little mimics borrowed from the previous teller. Copyright inhibits this incremental improvement. It was the freezing effect of copyright, its insistence on originality, which led Walter Benjamin to his paradox that the novel marks the end of story-telling. (A similar pessimism argues that the gramophone record entails the end of "true" folk music). Romanticists look elsewhere to cultures such as the Balinese where, we are told, "artistic property cannot exist; the expression of any new idea is there to be used by all." Alternatively, one can look back to prelapsarian ages, with less intellectual meum and tum, Bullough's volumes on the sources of Shakespeare's plays would doubtless furnish a modern copyright lawyer with any number of actions.

Plagiarism, like other forms of misappropriation, runs the scale from accidental borrowing (MacDiarmid's notebook entry copying out a passage which he later forgot was someone else's) to the frankly criminal (Sir Robert Lushy tells of a competition for a first novel by a convict who copied the winning entry from the least-thumbed volume in the prison library). Most interesting perhaps, are those furtive instances motivated by sexual or peer jealousy. Scott Fitzgerald, in a recent biography, stole extensively from Zelda's material. Even more surprising (given their public comradeship in criticism) was Boris Ford's supplementary note to O. D. Levie's obituary alleging that his husband had passed her work, and ideas off as his own. Martin Amis, in his reflective and generous article in *The Observer* on Jacob Epstein's reckless plagiarism of *The Rachel Papers*, adduces some kind of artistic equivalent of the Isobel Barnett death drive.

In the case of documentary fiction ("faction") as it is conveniently called, it seems not so much pathological as something inherent in the form which leads authors into plagiarism. Defoe, I dare say, lifted extensively. The most notorious plagiarists of the nineteenth century was to the Reads — a man, according to the aggrieved Trollope, who did not know the meaning of literary honesty. Reads, a pioneer of documentary fiction ("Matter of Fact Romances") prepared for his novels by assembling newspaper clippings. This was also the method favoured by Norman Mailer a hundred years later for the "Novel Biography" *Marilyn*. Fred Guiles's publisher complained of no less than 255 acts of plagiarism, perpetrated by Mailer against his author's *Norma Jean*. The author of *Marilyn* to be "one of the declared literary heirs of the century" shaped up bravely to all me a plagiarist. "No one is going to tell me I'm a plagiarist and get away with it... I'm going to steal from other authors let me use Shakespeare or Melville. I don't have to steal from 'Fred Guiles'." But finally amends had to be made. Alex Haley similarly antagonized and recompensed the

author and publisher of a book he found rather too useful in the compilation of *Roots*. Most recently, the last-bestsellers *The Key to Rebecca* (Ken Follet) and *The Four Hundred* (Stephen Shepherd) have run into trouble for alleged over-reliance on source books. The closer the creative writer comes to fiction or reportage, the greater seem the risks.

Mysterious as its workings are, the function of copyright is clear enough. It converts things of the mind into transferable articles of property. It identifies single owner-authors and permits commercial exploitation of the division. Brecht (himself an inveterate borrower) was instructed in this when he found that the property of his *Threepenny Opera* was not his but no longer the owner. Solzhenitsyn was not just disloyalty. He offended additionally by marketing his fiction in a Western capitalist way, selling copyright as a commodity abroad. A dutiful Solzhenitsyn would have conceived copyright as service to the state, to be rewarded with some salaried post in the Writers' Union or a publishing house.

The jaundiced Brechtian view of copyright seems borne out by the fact that it has matured simultaneously with the capitalist system. In America there is now no product, material or immaterial, which cannot be protected by ®, © or TM marks, by patent number, or by franchise terms. In Britain the same process is evident in steeper charges for permissions (a monograph on modern poetry can nowadays be prohibitively expensive), in the campaign for xerox and blank tape levies, in such coups as CUP's repossession of Lawrence into new copyright and the innovation of PLR. If, against this commercial trend, the affair of *The White Hotel* stinks some claim of the novelist's licence, any embarrassment for the author will have been worthwhile.

Louche living

By Alan Hollinghurst

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN:
Sextet
278pp. Deutsch. £7.95
0 233 97451 2

At one point in the longest section of this book John Malcolm Brinnin records Truman Capote's anger at critics who produce "academic merde" that shows they don't have the faintest idea the way a working writer works. It is one of several testing moments in the relationship of the two men, when Brinnin sees Capote's gift as corrupted by success, failing to live up to its original brilliant promise. On discovering in *Time* magazine a photograph of Capote dancing with Marilyn Monroe, Brinnin had written a very sharp postcard: "Joyce's motto was: Silence, exile and cunning. What's yours?" It was a maddeningly priggish gesture, and it must have taken considerable candour on Brinnin's part to reveal it in his own self-portrait, which is the half-conscious subject of this book. In his recollection of the incident he faces again Capote's charge of failing to understand the real business of writing so as to restate the alleged-seriousness of his conception of the writer's task. It is an incident which combines a critical dimension, as with Gertrude Stein. Though he never met Brinnin's first sight of her house prompts the reflection: "All that romance dimmed. Gertrude four years in the grave." Brinnin is already beginning to appropriate her, like his other celebrities, almost as an element in his own vanity.

This seems more than a pity since he is quite clearly seen as a charming person: he can't perhaps avoid a mild immodesty in quoting his subjects' tributes to him. Capote repeatedly says how he loves him; Edith Sitwell counts him among her "very dear friends"; Osbert Sitwell won't have him pass through England without a visit to Renshaw; and even enough in the diary extracts reproduced here we find already the

J. O. Urmson

What is plagiarism, apart from legal questions of ownership, copyright or financial gain? How, for example, does it differ from repetition, reportage, quotation, paraphrase, exposition and other ways of reproducing previously existing material? Apart from their practical importance, these are intellectually intriguing questions of great complexity to which only a preliminary answer can be sketched here.

Why is quotation not plagiarism? Primarily because quotation involves making clear that what is produced is not original; it need not include identification of the original and may, indeed, tease by refusing to disclose the source, but it must positively disclaim originality unless (as with familiar quotations) the disclaimer is superfluous. Since plagiarism thus involves misrepresentation it follows that one can no more plagiarize oneself than one can steal one's own goods. But even self-quotation must be intended and intended to be recognized; otherwise it is merely a case of self-repetition, conscious or unconscious.

Another difference between quotation and plagiarism arises from the wider scope of plagiarism, for plagiarism includes the theft of ideas as well as of the clothes they wear. This verbal quotation must involve reproduction of the identical words if it is to avoid being misquotation (with a few trivial exceptions such as quotation in indirect speech), but ideas may be plagiarized in a concealing clothing of new words. Not that reproduction of the ideas of another in new words is necessarily plagiarism, for here too originality may be disclaimed or may present your ideas in words to save space or time; I may expound them in new words in an endeavour to clarify them; I may report them simply as a

communicator. These are not cases of plagiarism.

There is a further restriction on the scope of quotation which distinguishes it from plagiarism and also from many other forms of reproduction such as exposition and reportage. Quotation, it seems, must be part of a larger whole in which it is a subservient element. If one were to write "As Kant well says," open up inverted commas, copy out the *Critique of Pure Reason*, close the quote and so finish, this could scarcely count as a quotation from Kant in a work of one's own, though it would also not be plagiarism. Short quotations by authors of reviews, as central cases of quotation if they do subserve the ends of critical assessment rather than simply the author's own communicative ends. But plagiarism is not subject to this restriction: one may take and reproduce the ideas of another without making them part of one's own original design or contributing to them in any other way. When plagiarism is thus unredeemed by any original contribution it may well seem less excusable. Thus when Handel takes a theme from another composer and works on it and develops it one may feel little indignation; but when he lifts another's composition without important alteration and offers it as his own it is not easy to sympathize. When what is taken is a sufficiently minor element in a larger design it may even be excessive to count it as plagiarism at all; we have all read comparatively short articles to which are appended vast arrays of footnotes, most of which acknowledge debts to various works of others, and we may sometimes wonder whether to count it as scrupulous honesty or a tiresome display of erudition. We must all build with material partly derived from others, and this is so obviously true that we scarcely need to name the maker of every brick in our edifice.

There are many similar questions that might be raised but must be left

unanswered here. Among them might be mentioned the intriguing problem why certain forms of imitation, of style, for example, are not classed as plagiarism at all. But we must turn to the moral issues involved in plagiarism, about which there seems to be much confusion.

It seems that while quotation, exposition, reportage and the like are all in principle neutral enterprises, "plagiarism" is essentially a term of condemnation. That plagiarism is objectionable is beyond dispute, but why is it objectionable? We all tend to speak of it as if it were similar to or even a case of theft, of stealing, of misappropriation, but it is not clear that this is the right way to look at it. If we consider central cases of theft, it seems that they involve depriving permanently a living person of some object of value of which he is the owner without his consent. If a thief steals a can of beans from a store (it is not particularly objectionable that he enjoys the can of beans; what is objectionable is that the right of the store to possess the beans has been infringed). But is plagiarism at all like this? Such deeds as breach of copyright may be thought to be not too distant from theft, but most breach of copyright does not involve plagiarism, and much plagiarism does not involve breach of copyright. Clearly no material damage is done to a plagiarized creator after his death.

Must we then say that plagiarism is none the less essentially a form of theft, and that what is stolen is something less tangible than material possessions; that it is fame or glory from which the grave cannot part its rightful possessor? But is this any better? Poor Urlio has his meagre ration of fame only because Handel plagiarized him; otherwise he would be unknown save to a handful of specialists. Many an author is known only from a paragraph or footnote which mentions him as the source from which a Shakespeare or a Boccaccio lifted his plot. It is hard to

believe that if I, for example, were to plagiarize such a one as Homer I should thereby deprive him of much of his imperishable glory, though my plagiarism is not thereby mitigated. No doubt plagiarism may sometimes damage the creator's material well-being or his reputation, but it is not possible to maintain that this is always so or that it is the source of the wrongness of plagiarism.

So, if we are to maintain the analogy with theft, we must in desperation fall back on the claim that it is the idea, or the work, musical or literary, that is stolen. But this is surely absurd. It is a basic element in theft that the rightful owner be deprived of the object stolen; but it is nonsensical to speak of depriving a thinker of his ideas, and the only way one can steal music or literature is by purloining the score or the text, which is not a form of plagiarism.

If one needs an analogy with plagiarism it is surely not theft, but a different type of misdeemeanour, some form of misrepresentation, that is appropriate. Let us suppose that John Doe from time to time borrows Richard Roe's Victoria Cross without permission and walks around wearing it as though he were its rightful owner. It probably will not hurt Richard Roe, but it remains a contemptible act of imposture, of unjustifiable self-inflation, and is thus a form of misbehaviour, but one which is totally unlike the theft of a can of beans. The wrong of plagiarism seems to be very like this; one represents oneself as the creator of something which is not one's own; one is an impostor. If we see this we can understand why, when Handel takes and develops a theme of Moffat's we feel so differently about it from when he copies the work of Urlio. It is not because Moffat has suffered a smaller theft than Urlio, or any such nonsense, but because only Handel could do what he did to Moffat, while any fool can copy out the scores of Urlio. Plagiarism is closer to pride, a sin of the spirit, than to the criminal activities of the burglar.

One sequence illustrates this duplicity to perfection: Osbert Sitwell asks Brinnin if he has finished reading *Left Hand, Right Hand*:

"Every last word!" I told him. "Why haven't critics pointed out the fact that it's social comedy, always on the verge of becoming hilarious?"

"I don't know. But that's the particular thing I've always wanted them to say first." The piece of self-congratulation smuggled in, Brinnin turns to talk of Sitwell's impending CBE:

"At my age, a paltry honour, I'm afraid."

He would within the month make his pathetic *marche-à-pétas* to royal investiture through the halls of Buckingham Palace and, paltry honour or not, accept it.

The distortion of Sitwell's modest, even embarrassed, remark through the condescension implicit in the ensuing sentence and the supercilious use of the French locution, rounds out Brinnin's recurrent pattern of self-promotion by the passive agency of others; who, their job done, are demoted and deprived even of the honour that attaches to them, outside this book.

Brett's essay is that about Carter-Bresson, an artist who barely uses words at all, and who discards Brinnin's contribution to a planned book of photographs of America. The preparation of the book took both men on a tour, through the homes of so many famous people (including Faulkner, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Ernst, Jean Renoir, Max Ray, Aldous Huxley, Frieda Lawrence, Henry Miller, Edward Weston, Robinson Jeffers, Frank Lloyd Wright and Louisa May Alcott). It seems as ironic that this gazetteer of the stars should have been abandoned as it is inevitable that it should have been resurrected in the present form. At the time Brinnin wondered: "Was Carter keeping something from me? Was it possible that he existed on some plane of perception at once so keen, farseeing, and compassionate as to include the vulgarity of my apprehension?" The reader of *Sextet* will not hesitate to answer "yes" to this question.

John Lees

Boundaries

Moving into things;
a slice between the layers,
track for the still eye.

Moving into things,
they pull us into their mass,
crave correspondence.

Like snow crowds the street;
onion skin, butterfly wing;
The boundaries melt

on the edge of sight,
Even the air opens, folds
the shape of movement.

outlines absorbed in
the flat mesh of resemblance,
in the always grey

The war against the landlords

By Roy Foster

T. W. MOODY: Davitt and Irish Revolution 1846-82 674pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £22.50. 0 19 822382 X

In May 1870 the twenty-four-year-old Michael Davitt was arrested at Paddington Station, tried for treason-felony as a Fenian conspirator, and detained in horrific conditions at a number of prisons until his release on ticket-of-leave in December 1877. While the trial attracted some attention, it was soon displaced from press reports by the Franco-Prussian War. Just over three years later he was rearrested in Dublin, for speeches at land meetings. On this occasion, double lines of police were drawn up at railway-stations for his conveyance to England, he travelled in a first-class compartment surrounded by guards, and the train was preceded by a pilot engine, a security measure normally used only for the Queen.

The elaborate precautions, as well as the favoured conditions of the ensuing imprisonment, bear eloquent testimony to the position Davitt had achieved in the meantime. This was ironically but not inaccurately encapsulated in a parliamentary question put by Cowen in 1882: "whether, since Davitt's land policy had been accepted by the government and adopted in the report of the House of Lords' committee on the working of the Land Act, the government would advise the Queen to grant a free pardon to the founder of the Land League, so that Davitt might enter parliament and defend his doctrine, now accepted on all sides". Such a career would be extraordinary under any circumstances. It is especially so for a man aged only thirty-six, coming from a background of emigrant Mayo peasants living in depressed circumstances in Lancashire, self-educated, and deprived of one arm since a factory accident in childhood. As yet moreover, his political career had twenty-four years to run. He would become an MP, the author of six books, and a uniquely respected and charismatic figure in British as well as Irish life.

It is a great story, a Bildungsroman in which progress to political fame is accompanied by an intellectual odyssey from narrow nationalism to a preoccupation with international and labour issues. The tale has always attracted commentary from those with obvious sympathies, like J. L. Hammond and Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, though the latter wrote in 1907 that "the present position of Irish affairs is remarkable for the extent to which Davitt's ideas and personality have been forgotten", and pious guardians of the tablets of Irish nationalism have had to gloss over various stages of Davitt's progression. More recently, the revisionist school of Irish (and American) historians who have re-evaluated the land war have confronted Davitt and his ideas more directly; to a new generation, as to his Edwardian socialist admirers, his puncturing of pictures is as attractive as his realization that the frontiers of the Irish agrarian problem and its "solution" had to be pressed further than the Kilmainham Treaty and the "Land Act" of 1881 (or of 1903).

Davitt himself rather deliberately encouraged this; *His Fall of Feudalism in Ireland*, one of the key testaments of Irish history, must be handled with care whenever it retrospectively imposes on its author's actions and intellectual development a coherence which was lacking at the time. He neither repudiated Fenian extremism as early, nor evolved the notion of land agitation as quickly, as he was later to claim. To tell the story as it needs to be told, the epic dimension must be retained; but it has to be combined with a total command of the material to hand, a full knowledge of recent scholarship, and an unflinching and exacting approach to the evaluation of evidence.

It is here that the conjunction of

author and subject comes sharply into focus: for Davitt and *Irish Revolution* is a life-work which contains the accumulation of decades of research, reflection and teaching in Irish history. From the 1930s Theodore Moody has pioneered a school of historiography, with results that have put a stamp upon the entire profession. The pivot of his teaching and writing has been a reconsideration of nineteenth-century varieties of Fenianism, the painstaking collection of material on Davitt's life has accompanied research and teaching in the very areas of social, economic and political history with

liamentary party, forced a change in conceptions of property upon English law and government which led to the large-scale purchase of farms by tenants.

The results are debatable, and still debated; the immediate effect was stunning. "Revolution" is no overstatement, and the violence, the events and the themes of the Land War from 1879 to 1882 set up resonances more reminiscent of eastern than western Europe (as is true of late-nineteenth-century Ireland on other social levels, too). Davitt and his generation, many of them sons of local peasant "scholars", have much in common with that generation about the independence of Ireland that it would have the opposite effect; that when the farmers would be emancipated and get their lands, such men would look on the boundary of their farms as the boundary of their country, because farmers as a rule are very selfish men.

Davitt may have come to feel the same; but he had the imagination to see that a peasant proprietorship was not the final answer, and - a Trotsky to the end - he turned to advocating a sort of permanency in the revolution by prolonging it into a campaign for wholesale nationalization of the land. In this way he achieved a certain intellectual coherence; but it was this had ever held an important place among the many meanings of "the land for the people". The contradictions of his earlier position as Fenian extremist, endorsing the supply of arms to the people while preaching "moral force" from Land League platforms, are not buried by Professor Moody. Nor is the extent to which the several mooted "new departures" of alliances between physical-force men and constitutionalists achieved any reality. Parnell, possessing the guile of Ulysses, could steer between the Scylla and Charybdis; others were less fortunately equipped. The question whether national independence would be advanced by land reform remained tricky. Rather as "reunification" today is in some quarters taken as the necessary precondition to the difficult question of "socialism" in Ireland, the land agitation could be employed as a kind of displacement activity, comfortably postponing a supposed desideratum. In the process some old Fenianism, along with the successful and selfish farmers, outgrew their extremist fervour. "I am tired", wrote J. J. O'Kelly to Devoy, as he released into Parnellism; "weary to death of playing roles, of rolling impossible balls up impossible hills."

Davitt, while very far from succumbing to the personality cult of "the Chief", felt a similar impatience. His dislike of the graziers and grabbers who seemed to emerge so well from the Land War, and his espousal of the labourers' cause, combined with his growing impatience with the dynamism of Fenianism epitomized by O'Donovan Rossa ("O'Donovan Asa"). "The dynamite theory is the very abnegation of mind," he said, "the surrender of

reason to rage, of judgement to blind, unthinking recklessness." On occasion tough-minded and sceptical as well as passionate, he allowed his undeniable commitment to physical force to be moderated by a grasp of political realities. More importantly, his world-view encompassed English deprivations as well as Irish injuries. He knew the world of *Outcast London*; he had first come to public notice as a campaigner for prison reform; his *Leaves from a Prison Diary* applies a sympathetic and analytical approach to English social problems. He was a child of the Lancashire mills as well as of the Irish cabin.

And from 1882 he was increasingly preoccupied with larger issues, in a context that was as often international as Irish. While he did not call himself a socialist, his intellectual political position came to approach socialism more nearly than anything else, and his devotion to land nationalization in Ireland was accompanied by a close interest in the British labour movement. Parnell, who forbade unions in his own industries, opposed him from the standpoint of conservatism; Devoy attacked land nationalization as anti-nationalist. For twenty-four years after the Kilmainham Treaty, Davitt followed an idiosyncratic path. The last year of his life was dominated by a campaign against Irish clericalism, and a series of scathing attacks upon the sterile cultural and political sectarianism of "Irish-Irelanders".

If there is a criticism to be made of Moody's book, it is that it does not follow Davitt to this curious end of the journey; but to do so would be to sacrifice the work's remarkable blend of overall coherence and individual detail. The revolution which Davitt masterminded - and with Parnell - carried out was by the end of his life helping to create the kind of Ireland with which he can have had little sympathy. Writing of the Land War and the reactionary results of peasant proprietorship, a provocative American scholar has remarked that to the Irish belonged the distinction of having sacrificed economic progress on the altar of nationalism; adding, however, "who can say it was the wrong choice?" That question is a more open one than might be supposed; and it is inescapably presented by the life and ideas of Davitt. Though no part of Professor Moody's brief, this is not the least of the considerations raised by his splendid and resonant book.

Circuit love

By Charles Davidson

JAMES COMYN: Irish at Law A Selection of Famous and Unusual Cases 262pp. Secker and Warburg. £8.50. 0 436 10580 2

The Irish at law is a pleasing notion for a book: all that wit, all that bombast, all those anecdotes of Tim Healy - a compendium of it should make good reading. Sir James Comyn, son and nephew of barristers on that Munster Circuit immortalized by Maurice Henly, sometime President of the Oxford Union, some other time Chairman of the Bar Council, should make a good compiler. Why therefore does one fall into the conditional mood? First, of course, because even more than usual, the conjunction of wit and wit makes the critic consider himself as counsel for prosecution or defence. Secondly, because so many Irish legal tales are threadbare. Terence Shaw, reviewing this book in the *Daily Telegraph*, suggests that it contains stories that "would embarrass many an after-dinner speech". Just so.

Indeed, the stories apparently already have embellished many an

after-dinner speech. Only when the wine has flowed freely come the gathering of aldermen could Comyn's feeble prose cause those chuckles that set chins a-quiver. Here is his "true transcription" of the lip of Sir Peter O'Brien L.C.J.: "But that case was not of course this case. They are really as different as chalk and cheese." A lip upon a brogue may produce some strange sounds, but surely not these. In his own voice, Comyn is not much more inspired. What is one to make of such oblique dicta as "Poor Mrs Lambert certainly got herself into a lot of trouble because of those arrears of rent which her first husband left" (of Oscar Wilde) "It is indeed odd how men and women shape their names, some using a second forename, others just using initials." This is feeble stuff even by the standards of Mr Justice Cocklecarrot, and with paragraphs often consisting only of one or two sentences, the general effect is of an anthology of "A lawyer writes" in some popular magazine, rather than material for Mr Louis Blom-Cooper's next book of legal prose.

All this gets very much in the way of the Irish themselves. We have it on the authority of an Irish Lord Chief Justice that the Irish were a quick-witted race governed by a slow-witted one; and it is for that proposition that the book supplies much material.

The criminal process

By A. W. B. Simpson

MICHAEL MCCONVILLE and JOHN BALDWIN: Courts, Prosecution, and Conviction 232pp. Oxford University Press. £12. 0 19 823355 9

At present the system of criminal procedure in England and Wales is under official review. Back in 1977 the then Home Secretary, Mr Merlyn Rees, secured Cabinet approval of the appointment of a Royal Commission charged with the daunting task of investigating the existing arrangements and making proposals for reform; nothing so ambitious had been attempted this century. The commission, under the chairmanship of Sir Cyril Phillips, was appointed in 1978 and, at a cost of just under £1.9 million, reported in January, 1981. This report, like so many reports associated with the Home Office, is now accumulating dust, and given the character of the Home Office and the disappointing record of the present Home Secretary, it may well continue to do so.

For, in any scale of priorities for action, the system of criminal procedure cannot be regarded as at the top. The system may be ramshackle, and in some respects disgraceful, but its bad features are not to be compared with the squalid realities of the prison system, which are admitted on all sides to constitute a national scandal. But nothing of any significance is being proposed to set the prisons to rights (only a major prison mutiny will achieve that) and one can only surmise that a Government and Home Office prepared to tolerate the prisons will tolerate more or less anything. What process underlies and explains the institutional analysis of the Home Office, staffed as it is with agreeable, highly intelligent and wholly conscientious individuals, must remain one of the mysteries of our time - is it perhaps something in the tea? The strange character of the Institution was first conveyed to me some few years ago when I found its walls decorated with self-adhesive stickers exhorting the user in these

terms: "When you brush up, hush up. Someone may be listening." That nothing has changed is revealed by the fact that, at the moment of writing, the Home Office has a committee beavering away at the reform of the law relating to sexual offences. It is not exclusively male; of its seventeen members, one is a woman circuit judge. Those who believe in conspiratorial explanations might wonder whether this was not contrived to ensure that this report, too, will join the others in purgatory.

But if reports like those of the Royal Commission are commonly not blueprints for action, all is not necessarily lost, for they both generate and publicize social scientific research into the way in which institutions actually operate, and frequently also suggest the direction which such research can most profitably take. Commissions and committees also serve as a form of official reaction (sometimes in the character of a placebo) to the disquieting information which such research so often produces. In the long term the replacement of rhetoric and slogans by knowledge and thought, though it does not guarantee good government, at least makes it possible, and may help to produce an informed public and official opinion which supports and encourages it.

So far as criminal justice is concerned, many areas had, until very recently, been hardly studied at all. The extensive literature of criminology and of penology was quite unmatched in this country by any substantial body of academic work on the mechanism whereby individuals enter the criminal process at one end by arrest or summons (or narrowly fail to do so) and emerge at the other either as convicted criminals or as people like ourselves without stains on their character. Michael McConville and John Baldwin of the University of Birmingham share with some of the staff of the Oxford Penal Research Unit the distinction of having been pioneers in this work, and without such pioneers there would be no Phillips Commission. But they, like the old-timers of the West, have been beset by hostile Indians, anxious to preserve tribal secrets and

traditional hunting-grounds from desecration by prying outsiders; for in the world of the criminal process many prefer the ideal to the less attractive reality. Their first book, *Negotiated Justice*, dealt with plea bargaining, and produced reactions bordering on the hysterical from the legal mafia, but over the years the hostility and fear have diminished: their *Confessions in Crown Court Trials* appeared indeed with official blessing as part of the programme sponsored by the Royal Commission.

Today, only the backwoodsman of the Senate of the Inns of Court continue, as a matter of official policy, to impede their work. Their progress towards acceptability has no doubt been much assisted by the obvious balance, integrity and objectivity of their work, which is a model of the very best social scientific research. Inevitably, such research produces surprising and at times disturbing results; there is a marked lack of fit between the ideal or received picture of the criminal justice system, and the realities. To take but one example, the celebrated "right to silence". This sacred principle of criminal procedure is enshrined in and supposedly protected by the Judges' Rules, which officially regulate the investigation of crime - we all know the caution: "You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so, but what you say may be put into writing and given in evidence." When in 1972, the Criminal Law Revision Committee proposed to whittle the right down, in the belief, which McConville and Baldwin suggest is probably false, that it impedes the conviction of the guilty, there was an outcry. Yet the reality of the matter is that very few defendants indeed reach court without some kind of statement being recorded against them, even if that have formally refused "to make a statement". What then happens is that an edited and unverifiable version of any conversation they have had (or are said to have had) with the police is compiled collaboratively by the officers engaged in the case; this is read out verbatim in court from police notebooks. This is called "giving oral evidence".

How and why ideal and reality

In search of sin

By John Adlard

DONALD A. LOW: Thieves' Kitchen The Regency Underworld 192pp. Dent. £8.95. 0 480 04438 9

Five years ago, in *That Sunny Dome*, Donald A. Low gave us a lively portrait of the culture of the Regency. In his latest book, readable and well-researched, he has set out to map the "pulsating, undisciplined urban underworld" that co-existed with the world of *The Prelude and Pride and Prejudice*.

He finds it to be almost wholly a London underworld; in the words of an old rhyme, "Derbyshire for lead, Devonshire for tin, Wilshire for plovers' eggs, Middlesex for sin." At a leisurely pace he surveys the "rookeries", the ineffective watchmen or "charleys" and the efforts to replace them, the "flash houses" and other nurseries of crime, the medical underworld of bodysnatchers, and the gambling traditions of rich and poor. Only the brothels seem to have been neglected.

If Low has one amiable fault it is a certain chauvinism as he contemplates his chosen period. Already in *That Sunny Dome* he was extolling its "incomparably fine literature", its "supreme" standing in the history of our poetry and painting, the "unprecedented activity" of its novelists, *Thieves' Kitchen* its building of fine country houses "unparalleled" and it "was a time when Englishmen (not to mention Irish, Scots and Welsh) were ready to bet on almost anything". This betting fever was nothing new. The "Stroud blacksmith

who, in March 1811, twice ate, 'for a trifling wage, a pint of periwinkles with their shells, in the space of ten minutes', is not so unlike the young lady at Newmarket who, in May 1758 (according to the *Annual Register*) 'laid a considerable wager that she could ride 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours'.

However, this enthusiasm for the period has inspired Low to trace, very intelligently, not only the "pattern of stark contrast between prosperous and mean streets within a stone's throw of each other" but also - much more interesting - the "internal networks" of the underworld and the "lines of connection from one sphere of pleasure or corruption to another", lines which being different social classes into contact and establish the "essential unity within diversity" of a complex scene. *Brio* is a quality which, in both books, he considers characteristic of the Regency, and *brío* was to be found in all classes, high and low. It was an age of national confidence. London was the capital of a triumphant Empire, an unrivalled centre of maritime trade, the metropolis of a nation of free men who could stand up to Napoleon. Respectable Londoners were intensely proud of their city; they also lived in fear of its rising tide of violent crime. The aged watchmen, swinging their lanterns and giving good warning of their approach, shouting the time and the state of the weather, were no match for their opponents. Finally, in 1829, Peel established his Metropolitan Police.

"Lumpers" and others stole goods from ships waiting in the Thames; to thwart them, a River Police was formed; and docks were built, well walled against thieves. But crime checked at one point was simply di-

verted to another, and the wretched thief from the "flash house" was as proud of "dying game" at Tyburn as an officer and gentleman might be of a death on the field of Waterloo. Model prisons, solitary confinement, the treadmill were introduced in a desperate effort to crush this *brío*.

Naturally the pursuit of pleasure brought the gentleman into contact with the underworld. Girls were to be procured there and sports like cock-fighting, and when one ran short of "the ready" pawnbrokers were there to oblige. Gambling was common to all classes. Low is right to devote a whole chapter to the characters Tom and Jerry, devised by Pierce Egan and the brothers Cruikshank and developed into a runaway best-seller, for, as he says, they helped to create a myth that London was "a capital in which, with a bit of luck, determination, and the right friends, a 'true gentleman' - whether defined by birth, appearance or character - could move in and out of different social groups more or less at will." But social mobility was fairly characteristic of the Regency. Crookford, whose club in St James's Street opened in 1828, began as a fishmonger. Mary Anne Clarke, mistress of the Duke of York, was born into a poor family living off Chancery Lane. Though these, like other social climbers, owed their ascent to the pursuit of pleasure, it is not quite true to say, as Low does, that pleasure seekers like criminals "were enjoying a final fling". Later in the nineteenth century the underworld is as violent as ever, and as fascinating to the man of pleasure. In Donald Shaw's *London in the Sixties*, by one of the *Old Brigade*, a book used - as my own copy bears witness - by the author of *Fanny by Gaslight*.

seem so far apart must be a matter of serious public concern, and although in this instance (but not all those engaged in the criminal courts will meet few surprises. I suspect others less close to the system may. They may even be shocked by the farcical ineffectiveness of the existing protection offered to those in police custody. It would of course be easy to write up research of this type in terms of goodies and baddies, and a strong case could be made for casting the Lord Chief Justices and senior criminal judges of modern times in the latter role. But if we can leave on one side a single footnote (note 1 to page 159), in which the reasoning used by the Court of Appeal to render nugatory the "right" of an individual in custody to contact a lawyer is said to bankrupt comment, the authors leave both the

moralizing and the remedies to others, and in terms of practical policy it is the provision of the latter which presents such acute difficulties. Thus in the matter of police interrogation the disturbing fact which emerges from this study is that the present system is incapable of identifying those cases, few though they no doubt are, in which serious impropriety has occurred, and that must be an object of general public concern.

The appearance of this important book so soon after the publication of the Royal Commission's Report might, I suppose, even galvanize the Home Office into some more fruitful action than posting copies of the Report to all those who gave evidence to the Commission, and requesting their comments. We must wait and see.

Spoils of war

By Victor Bailey

EDWARD SMITHIES: Crime in Wartime A Social History of Crime in World War II 219pp. Allen and Unwin. £9.95. 0 04 364020 6

In *War and Crime*, published in 1941, Hermann Mannheim predicted that the Second World War would bring in its wake an enormous outbreak of lawlessness. The introduction of evacuation and the blackout, plus the signs that "in totalitarian warfare everybody is more or less in the front line", portended a much greater increase of crime than had occurred during the 1914-18 war. Mannheim subsequently examined the history of crime and the second war in slightly more detail, but since the late 1940s the subject has been neglected. The blackout, not the black market, is the focus of Arthur Marwick's *War and Social Change* (1974) or *The Home Front* (1976). Even Angus Calder's massive study, *The People's War* (1969), says little about war-time delinquency. Hence the present, somewhat impressionistic, study of the influence of the war on patterns of crime goes some way towards closing the gap in our knowledge of the underside of one of the noblest phases in the country's history.

In the seven years between 1939 and 1945 the number of indictable offences known to the police rose by fifty-seven per cent, from nearly 304,000 to over 478,000 crimes. Unfortunately, the published statistics of recorded crime for the war years are a shadow of their former, or later, self. Edward Smithies relies instead, therefore, on a study of cases drawn, in a fairly random fashion, from the reports of court proceedings in the London newspapers. Quoting liberally from these press reports, he seeks first to illustrate how the patterns of theft changed in response to rationing regulations, and to the black market. Pilfering from the dockyards, the railways and from a wide range of stores and factories increased enormously. Involving all levels of the workforce, management not excepted. Ever Ready of Stoke Newington lost 13,000 batteries in five weeks of 1941; the canteens run by the London Passenger Transport Board lost 66,000 knives, forks and spoons. The award for best individual performance belongs to a worker at Ford's of Dagenham who was found to be carrying two timing wheels and five axle bearings in his coat, four cam shaft gears in his waistcoat, a gear shaft in his trousers, three more timing-wheels in his tin helmet and two carburetors in his gas-mask case. Changes also took place in the pattern of professional crime. Established criminals acted as receivers of pilfered goods, forged vast quantities of clothing coupons, broke into offices where ration books and war-time documents were stored, and relieved factories and warehouses of raw materials and finished goods, which they fed into the insatiable mouth of the black market.

The Minister of Food, Lord Woolton, always maintained that the amount of food which found its way into the black market was insignificant when compared with the total amount of supplies. Yet a Mass Observation found that a vast number of people had bought goods through the black market. Smithies endorses the second view, illustrating that neither the staff of the Food Ministry nor Scotland Yard's "ghost" squad were able to restrain let alone suppress the black market, which reached its apogee in the immediate post-war years. Indeed, traditional market towns like Romford or Chelmsford became notorious meeting places for the criminal and business worlds, as shopkeepers, tradesmen and businessmen became ever more reliant on East End "spivs" and racketeers to cater to a society grown tired of austerity.

Crime in Wartime goes on to discuss betting and gaming; the increased prevalence of prostitution; and the rapid rise in juvenile delinquency. The incidence of violent crime also rose, although the murder rate hardly altered. Surprisingly, no mention is made of the Cleft Chin murder, in which an eighteen-year-old ex-waitress and an American army deserter robbed and killed a taxi-driver, described by George Orwell in *Tribune* as "the principal cause célèbre of the war years".

The overall pronouncement on this colourful story, however, must be that it failed to draw together the threads of the chapters and venture firm conclusions about the influence of war on criminality. This is nowhere more apparent than in the sections on workplace theft, the black market and white-collar crime. We learn that workmates would collect to pay the fines of dockers caught stealing; that employers often showed immense indulgence towards pilfering, resorting to legal control only when the volume of losses soared. The evidence on black-market trading and on white-collar fraud discloses that the boundary between legitimate and illegitimate commerce was in a state of enormous flux. Professional offenders exploited the criminal possibilities of business; traders and businessmen utilized the black market in order to stay afloat. All this should have formed the basis of an assessment of the crucial relationship between part-time and professional crime on one hand and the structure and exigencies of a war-time economy on the other. Hermann Mannheim better understood the significance of this relationship. If under his persuasive advocacy, in *Crime, Justice and Social Reconstruction* (1946), a manifesto on behalf of an orderly and moral post-war community, of the urgent need to enforce the law against "economic offences" and particularly against white-collar crime.

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Fastidiously folksy

By Patrick O'Connor

LEWIS FOREMAN (Editor):
The Percy Grainger Companion
267pp. Thames Publishing. £14.95.
0 905210 12 3

This handsome book is a collection of seventeen essays about the music of Percy Grainger, whose centenary falls on July 8. The composer of "Country Gardens", "Molly on the Shore" and "Handel in the Strand" wrote a lot of other music; the catalogue of his published works lists hundreds of compositions, original or folksong arrangements and in many cases variations for different combinations of instruments and soloists of the same pieces - sometimes six or seven times revised. These other pieces have not been forgotten in favour of his few vastly popular compositions - there has always been a Grainger lobby. Rather they have existed in a vacuum alongside other traditional or folk-oriented works which have gone against the tide of modernism.

The wide popularity of Grainger's piano music and the extent of his

activities as a writer of songs obscured his work as a composer for orchestra and for wind ensemble. This book seeks to redress the balance: on the latter subject there is a fascinating article by Thomas Slater (Grainger's biographer). In the 1930s Grainger made arrangements for wind of music by Dowland, Guillaume de Machaut and Josquin des Prés, apparently as yet unpublished. It would be interesting to hear these.

For many years Grainger was a disciple of Delius, visiting him every year. It seems that Jelka Delius had hoped that Grainger might have been able to perform the task, later undertaken so admirably by Eric Fenby, of helping the ailing composer to execute his final works. What Grainger did succeed in achieving was to give publicity for Delius's music in the United States. There is an extraordinary letter quoted in Lionel Carley's article about the two composers, in which Grainger dictates the things he would like Delius to write in a letter to him so that he may show it to the press before his first performance of the Piano Concerto in the US in 1915.

Peter Pears contributes an affectionate account of his brief acquaintance with the composer - from the time when, as a chorister with the

BBC Singers, he was called upon to sing a solo in Grainger's setting of "Love Verses From The Song Of Solomon". He gives a vivid description of Grainger's early days as a collector of folksongs, bicycling around Lincolnshire, noting down words and tunes and marking the expressive features of the performances given by people who remembered the songs in pubs and fields. He inaugurated the first folksongs class at Brigg in 1905. The first prize was won by a singer then in his seventies called Joseph Taylor. His success was such that the Gramophone Company recorded him in some of his songs, including "Brigg Fair" and "Died for Love", of which Grainger later made celebrated arrangements.

Grainger's work as a researcher in this field began in earnest at Brigg that year. Using a portable phonograph, he recorded hundreds of songs in England, Australia and Denmark, where he collected the famous "The Power of Love". Because of his life-long association with recording, as performer, collector and composer, the gramophone played an essential part in Grainger's music and life. John Bird contributes an excellent article, "Grainger on Record", which is supplemented by a selective discography.

Whilst he recorded, Grainger would notate the songs in a particularly exact way. In addition to taking down the words and melody he would always endeavour to preserve the flavour of the performance he was listening to. These very detailed markings have led to certain misunderstandings. They are not in any way arrangements but simply Grainger's attempt to preserve the interpretation apart from the impermanence of his notes. The notes were similarly exact - how one would like to hear "Rosenkavalier Rumble", which is, according to Ronald Stevenson, "the most fastidiously notated piano writing in the whole of western literature". Grainger met, and worked with, two of the greatest folksong collectors and arrangers - Wald Tang Kristensen and Cecil Sharp (who first found the tune known as "Country Gardens"); in all he added 413 items to the literature of folksong.

A problem with folksong arrangements, unlike original compositions, is that the flavour of the era to which they belong is unwelcome.

In the vocal action

By Derrick Puffett

KENNETH S. WHITTON:
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau
Master Singer
A Documented Study
342pp. Oswald Wolff. £15.
0 85496 405 3

"His huge Mercedes car is fitted with stereo/quadraphonic equipment which enables him to follow the music with the score, as his secretary drives him the few miles from his home to the recording studios in Munich." The style is familiar and perhaps unavoidable. As Gerald Moore says in his foreword, no written word can describe the quality of a voice, especially of one which responds with unrivalled technique and discriminative colour to the singer's inspiration. So why write a book about a singer at all? Because, everyone likes gossip; because "nothing is unimportant about a great man" (Schopenhauer); because there is always the hope that somewhere amid the press releases and the librettists' despair in the process, it is, perhaps, because he was so deeply moved by his own creations that he continues to move audiences to-day. He spoke from the heart, to the heart. But for most people that is altogether too simple; there must be something more to him than that. If there is, Greenfield does not reveal it.

Howard Greenfield (not to be confused with Edward Greenfield, whose Puccini: The Keeper of the Seal, 1958, is an excellent concise assessment) owns up that he "approached the subject with enthusiasm and not embarrassment". Certainly there is nothing modest about his book, either when it criticizes his predecessors, most of whom get short shrift in the introduction, or when stating Greenfield's own aims: "to bring Puccini scholarship up to date as well as to present a more complete portrait of the composer than has heretofore been possible". He has not, he says, made any

attempt at musical analysis; in fact, he scarcely mentions music at all.

It is true that some new material - mainly correspondence - has been published in Italian in recent years, and has made some of the older biographies a little out of date. However, since Greenfield quotes freely from his sources and verse for none of his sources, his book can scarcely be called a contribution to scholarship. This is a pity, since it is full of factual detail, and does contain some new (but unidentified) material. His claim that he presents "a more complete portrait" may well be true; but since he does not indulge in speculation and eschews the psychological approach, his portrait is rather flat. It does not differ fundamentally from the picture we already know.

Puccini the man, without the music, is not an easy subject. He was a strange mixture of dandy and peasant: good-looking, nattily dressed - English audiences were intrigued to see him sporting an Old Btontan tie one day, and an Old Harrovian one the next - fond of fast cars and women, yet fundamentally melancholy, and only really at ease shooting with cranes in the country. His emotional life was rather arid; he was more in love with Mimì and Tosca than with any real woman. Nothing interested him deeply apart from his music. He even saw the first World War as little more than a witness to the performances of his operas; yet he was not a callous man. A biographer, even an unembarrassed biographer, who does not discuss Puccini's music is faced with something of a problem.

Greenfield solves it by giving a very detailed account of Puccini's attitude to his librettists; his frantic searches for subjects - Gorky, D'Annunzio, Quixote and many, many more were considered and rejected - and his tortuous relationship with his librettists and publishers. All this is of interest (although perhaps not to the general reader) for it throws considerable light on the creative process and on the question of the opera, Puccini knew exactly what he wanted: a subject which would be good theatre, and which would move him personally. If he was not moved, he would not compose. He stopped at nothing to get what he wanted, driving his librettists to despair in the process. It is, perhaps, because he was so deeply moved by his own creations that he continues to move audiences to-day. He spoke from the heart, to the heart. But for most people that is altogether too simple; there must be something more to him than that. If there is, Greenfield does not reveal it.



Recording the Jutish singer Jens Kristian Jensen in the 1920s. Percy Grainger is seated on the right of Evild Tang Kristensen, in whose house in Vejle, Denmark, the picture (reproduced from Percy Grainger 31pp. Faber. £5.95. 0 571 1717 1) was taken.

Each generation has its own way with such songs (I seem to recall a 1960s "blue-beat" version of "The Power of Love"). We are, for instance, only just tolerating today of Tiersot's and Canteloube's arrangements of French provincial folk-songs. Grainger's real achievement in this field was not so much as composer or performer, but as archivist. No doubt he was well aware of this himself, for he devoted twenty-two years to the endowment fund of the University of Melbourne. This preserves documents and memorabilia of every sort concerning Grainger's work and life and those of his contemporaries.

"Grainger in a Nutshell" by Stephen Lloyd describes another aspect of his magic instinct. In his search for what he called "free music" - a sort of music free of scales and pulses - he and his wife Ella would go scavenging for odd-shaped pieces of metal and refuse with which to improvise musical instruments: a sort of high-class skiffle. In order to avoid arrest as vagrants they used always to dress in their best clothes. These studies occupied the Graingers for years and led to an attempt to develop a free-music machine. An extraordinary device of chimneys, discs and pulleys, it now stands in the Grainger Museum, unused and unwanted. But the sounds Grainger was searching for may well

be those that a future generation will most want to hear.

It is impossible to separate Grainger the performer from the composer, just as it is impossible not to mention the complex nature of the man, exuberant and hearty on the one hand, mother-fixed and masochistic on the other. Grainger's wild personality is best summed up in this book in the description and photographs of his wedding. It took place at the Hollywood Bowl on August 9 1928, before an audience of thousands, during a concert at which his orchestral bridal song "To a Nordic Princess" was heard for the first time. There is a picture of Percy, white suited, and his bride, Ella, in handkerchief skirt, carrying a huge ostrich feather fan, after the ceremony.

Like all such gatherings-together of disparate views and aspects of opinion, The Percy Grainger Companion suffers from a certain jerkiness. Some of the contributions are dull or pointless and the whole lacks an impression of what Grainger was really like, either as man or performer. However, you could hardly wish to learn more about the nature of his compositions or of his career as collector of folksong than this volume has to offer. The many illustrations, photographic and musical, provide an amusing and nostalgic memoir of his progress from infant prodigy to grand old man.

he has reservations about Wolf and Strauss. He feels that the *Lieder* tradition has exhausted itself but that "life, strength and vitality" might still be found in pop music. Some of these ideas are echoed by Whitton, who adds a few of his own, among them the judgment that Brahms's friendship with the singer Julius Stockhausen "probably did more for the *Lied* than the majority of Brahms's own largely forgotten songs". There is also an amazing passage on Mozart (pp 185-6). He is right, however, to praise Loewe's extraordinary song "Lynkeus der Tümer auf Fausts Sternwarte singend", as he is to call Schoeck's *Notturno* "a modern masterpiece". All in all he paints a warmly sympathetic portrait of the great singer.

None of which explains where that singer's greatness really lies. One can talk of technical qualities such as diction, breath-control, phrasing and intonation; Gerald Moore writes of his "tremendous imagination"; his range. But in the end one goes back to the records. To play through his complete Schubert, or near-complete Brahms (not to mention the lesser-known composers whom he has championed), is to hear one marvelous performance after another; no time for Wagner's man. He has too long; so does *Meisterlanger*. He has no high opinion of Hofmannsthal's librett "qua librett" but on other terms should be judged. His favourite *Lieder* composers are Schubert and Schumann.

Enduring enjoyments

By Roger Warren

S. GORLEY PUTT:
The Golden Age of English Drama
231pp. Woodbridge, Suffolk: D. S. Brewer/Rowman and Littlefield. £15.
0 85991 076 8

S. Gorley Putt's subtitle, "Enjoyment of Elizabethan and Jacobean Plays", indicates his approach. He takes it for granted that these plays form "the richest outpouring in the long history of English literature", chiefly because they tell enduring truths. With a healthy disrespect for critics who "apply to these works a methodical, even relentless, canon of generalized moralization", he relates the plays to contemporary experience: "Our newspapers are full of sex and violence. Our parliamentarians and lawyers find time to discuss ways of dealing with rape, incest, kidnapping, crimes of horrible violence. We can no longer pretend that such things are a rather squalid outmoded theatrical convention and don't really happen."

He makes modest claims for his book. It is "merely an introduction to its vast subject", and some chapters are a "compilation" of material that has appeared before in article or review form. This attempt to combine a general survey of the whole of Elizabethan and Jacobean drama with material which originally had a much more specific purpose inevitably tends to pull individual chapters in different directions. After a lively but necessarily sketchy account of the dramatists of the 1580s and 1590s, for instance, Putt vigorously challenges W. W. Greg's view that the splendour of Faustus's speech to Helen obscures, "and was perhaps meant discreetly to veil, the real nature of the situation".

She cannot take her eyes off him... So powerful is De Flores's physical effect on her that when he picks up her dropped glove, she shies away from him, rejecting the other glove in horror. This goes well beyond the teasing of a family butt: already she is mesmerized by the man.

Later, she fondles his pimped face as she persuades him to murder Alonso: "Consciously, she is wilfully indulging her own lust so that she may indulge hers for Alsemero. More

The "splendour" has done nothing of the sort! Any poet wishing "discreetly to veil" anything would hardly do so in lines which so perfectly and infectiously proclaim the intoxicating rapture of a Renaissance desire to become one with the pagan gods and demigods.

Here Putt responds directly and sympathetically to Marlowe's language, but has allowed himself insufficient space to discuss the complex implications of that language, which evokes not only intoxicating splendour but also violent destruction.

He has chosen to "hurry past" Marlowe and Jonson, and to exclude later dramatists like Middleton: and indeed his section on *The Changeling* represents his criticism at its best. By making critical response to Beatrice from I. S. Eliot onwards, he brilliantly demonstrates the reluctance of most critics to admit that the "naked nerve" of the play is Beatrice's "closely documented and cumulatively inescapable sexual obsession" with De Flores. Her tragedy is not that of an "irresponsible and undeveloped nature", as Eliot claimed, but of an arrogant self-indulgent nature. He unerringly follows up "the many clues to the overmastering nature of the fascination De Flores exerts over her" from the start.

But if Putt concentrates illuminatingly on psychological and dramatic issues he elsewhere indulges his passion for modern instances, carried to a preposterous extreme in his speculation that Marston's plays might succeed "at some open-air pop festival, where mild hallucinogenic drugs might enhance the effect of Marston's poetic eloquence, and incidental knife-work among the groundlings might exactly mirror that motiveless yet still authentic bloodletting on the stage". It seems very strange that he should seek to demonstrate the contemporary quality of these plays with sensationalism of this kind, and yet should not discuss one single example of the many out-

standing professional revivals in the past twenty years, which provide the most striking testimony to that contemporary quality. Reference to a few of these (or at least to accounts of them) would have strengthened some of his arguments and placed others in perspective.

For instance, his view that Middleton's "realism" can still cause a reader to exclaim not merely "How interesting!" or even "How clever!" but, far more surprisingly for someone writing within the stage conventions of his age, "How could he possibly know?" finds valuable theatrical support in T. C. Worsley's reaction to the Royal Court's production of 1961 and the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Women Beware Women* in 1962, the two productions whose success started the Middleton revival in the modern theatre. Worsley felt that the characters were not drawn in conventional blacks and whites, but "are the true mixture of ordinary humanity, lying open to corruption, and not, when the chance offers, resisting it but... getting what they can out of it", and that Middleton is the Jacobean dramatist "nearest skin

I'll be your pander now; rehearse again Your scene of lust, . . .

And a suicide-pact makes very good sense as the final stage of Beatrice's violent obsession with De Flores: it has the distinct advantage of emphasizing that, right to the end, she is not a mere victim. And it also fits De Flores's professional, pragmatic attitude towards killing: unlike most "reasons, whether for advantage (Alonso) or necessity (Diaphanta); and he avoids fighting his victim's brother even under severe provocation.

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Moving the horrors

By Kate McLuskie

DON D. MOORE (Editor):
Webster: The Critical Heritage
169pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £8.95.
0 7100 0773 6

The Critical Heritage Series offers a kind of whig view of criticism, in which critics of the past are assessed according to how far they prefigure the current state of the art. Webster follows this pattern, collecting comments and contemporary references on an author whose critical stock is fairly high, though since the collection ends in 1899 it cannot tell the full story. Disagreement, in the context of this early criticism, amounts to little more than differences of taste and opinion. Thomas Webster's edition of the texts of Webster's plays, the circumstances of their original production or the theatrical milieu in which he worked, so properly informed historical criticism is out of the question.

At the centre of the volume lies an extract from Charles Lamb's *Specimens of the English Dramatists*, subtitled by the editor "Webster Reclaimed". Lamb praises Webster for his ability "to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick", and the ensuing century's criticism focuses on the appropriateness and effect of Webster's artistic vision. The same concerns are repeated in Don D. Moore's introduction, which brings the critical debates up to date and finally vindicates Webster's view of life by a parallel with *Ypres*, Dacheu and Buchenwald. However, what is equally apparent in this collection, and given no attention by Professor Moore, is the importance of institutions in fostering this kind of literary criticism. The volume contains almost three times as many extracts from 1808 onwards as from the two preceding centuries, and this increase is at least partly due to the proliferation of literary magazines, lectures and, after the mid-century, to a strenuous effort to legitimize the theatre as an entertainment for the middle-class family.

It is in the theatre that the critical problems of Webster's drama were most acutely realized. The plays were rewritten to suit prevailing standards of taste and theatrical convention and the reviews often reflect the inevitable mismatch which results. Richard Horne's version of *The Duchess of Malfi* enjoyed great success with Isabella Glyn in the leading role. She was seen by one reviewer as "The noble minded woman who vainly endeavoured to plant the domestic affections in a courtly soil" - an obviously Victorian reading of the part. But it was in

reviews of this production that the tensions between tragedy and comedy which create the sense of dislocation in the play and make such demands on an actor's range were first fully recognized. The efforts of adapters and reviewers to respond to a precise set of theatrical demands produced, then, a combination of criticism and interpretation which often reveals a good deal about Webster's work and also about the activity of criticism itself. Moore dismisses Theobald's 1733 adaptation of *The Duchess* as "triumphantly wrong-headed", yet its efforts are an interesting attempt to deal in practice with the problems of dramatic motivation and narrative coherence which are central to most objections to Webster's work. The fact that Theobald's solutions do not appeal to twentieth-century taste is far from surprising and should make us respond more judiciously to modern claims to understanding Webster's works in modern terms.

Theobald recognized Webster's power but was refreshingly frank about his deficiencies: "... he sometimes conceived nobly but did not always express with Clearness and if he now and then soars handsomely he often rises into regions of bombast; his Conceptions were so eccentric that we are not to wonder why we cannot trace him.

His theatrical sense made him recognize the difference of Webster's working conventions, but it made him equally firm about meeting the expectations of his own audience: "It must be admitted the Unities were very sparingly observed, at the Time when he wrote; however, when any Poet travels too fast that the Imagination of his Spectators cannot keep pace with him. Probability is put quite out of Breath.

The most appealing extracts in this volume have a similar straightforward frankness. George Henry Lewes, for example, briefly dismissed criticism based on quoting "specimen bricks" and sentimental admiration for Webster's horrific effects is brought up short by William Archer's memorable observation that "there goes no more brain-power to the invention of these massacres and monstrosities than to carving a turnip lantern and sticking it on a pole". It would be well if modern undergraduates, for whom this book is intended, could feel so free wittily to dismiss authors whose work cannot serve them. However, Professor Moore's head-notes provide an awful warning against such rebellion. Archer, for one, is ticked off as "incredibly uninformed", and similar black marks are awarded to other authors whose opinions of Webster go against the judgment which provides the rationale for the collection.

Command performance

By Roy Strong

JEAN WILSON:
Entertainments for Elizabeth I
176pp. D. S. Brewer/Rowman and Littlefield. £10.
0 5991 048 2

The study of Renaissance court festivals has become something of an academic industry. Thirty years ago subject in its infancy. Within a European context what strikes one most is the enormous unevenness of the surviving evidence, depending as it does on the survival of original texts and designs in archives and more important, to provide illustrations of such transitory events. In few areas are the gaps so enormous as in the case of Elizabethan England. We have far more detailed material for the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII and an abundance from John Nichols's celebrated *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* has always been something of a red herring. It ought to be read as a monument to how little survives. Instead of to how much. There was no illustrated fête book for the whole forty-five years of the reign (but the hockneyed wood engraving of the "lake at Elvetham in 1591), no designs for scenery and costumes have so far emerged, and as the crown, in a mood of retrenchment and parsimony, virtually contracted out of pagantry, the public records are a pretty barren source.

Elizabethan pagantry is, in consequence, a pretty unsatisfactory subject, as generations of scholars have quickly discovered. Jean Wilson's *Entertainments for Elizabeth I* only confirms this fact. In it she edits four texts: first, the published speeches for the tournament *The Four Fower Children of Desire* (1591), given when the French commissioners came to treat for Elizabeth's marriage to Alençon (the

only occasion when the Queen expended on any scale, and even then the tournament as a form unloaded most of the cost onto the individual knights, who had to foot the bill for their own appearances); and then the speeches for three private entertainments on progress: Cowdray (1591), Elvetham (1591) and Ditchley (1592). Over the whole period we are therefore presented with the text for a tournament in the twenty-third year of the reign and those for three alfresco shows given within eighteen months of each other a decade on. One could hardly call this selection representative. There is no time spread and no attempt at balancing types of entertainment. A better list would have included a state entry, an early and a late outdoor spectacle, both in respect of a tournament and a masque at court. Instead we are given a well-intentioned but narrow group, too limited even to sustain the points made in the introductory text.

In her introduction, Miss Wilson gives us a useful synopsis of much that has been written and goes on to develop her own view of the cult of Elizabeth and in particular its deep roots in the conventions of medieval romance. There is a fair degree of mileage in this because it provides a welcome counterbalance to Frances Yates's pioneer study of Elizabeth as Astraea, with whom she was not, in fact, particularly often identified. The moon-goddess images of Diana and Cynthia would, in retrospect, have been much sounder lines of approach on the classical side. Jean Wilson's analysis of this aspect and of the difficulties of establishing a sustained imagery of rulership in the case of a woman makes sound reading.

It is regrettable that none of the entertainments printed is discussed in depth. The Elvetham entertainment, for example, is enormously complicated. There is the background of the Seymour family, long in disgrace, seeking favour. There is the landscape setting of an artificial lake and its relationship to developments in

gardening. The author also seems unaware of H. Boyle's article in *Studies in Philology* which relates the spectacle to a specific phase in the war with Spain. Nor does she seem aware of Pierre-Lefranc's study of the moon cult in his work on Raleigh, in which Elvetham forms an early public manifestation. In the case of *The Four Fower Children of Desire* we are not told that what the printed text gives us is but a fragment, that is the speeches and some of the defendants only. As long ago as 1835 an account by a French observer was printed in translation, but no one has ever pointed out that it is describing this tournament. It provides a much more vivid record, with a visual description that indeed lifts the Elizabethan lifts onto the level of those seen in the Valois Tapestries. We are told how a snake emerged from a tower to climb trees laden with fruit, musicians arrived disguised as eagles, one knight was seen to lay a prisoner in golden chains to the Fates while another languished, a doctor at his side, gazing adoringly at a portrait of his lady.

In short, this is a useful book but it does not get us much further. It would have been better to edit texts not otherwise available. In 1936 E. K. Chambers in his biography of Sir Henry Lee published a listing of the contents of the Ditchley Manuscript now in the British Library. Lee was Queen Elizabeth's champion at the tilt and, as the originator of the Accession Day fêtes at court, a key figure in creating the royal pageant mythology. The contents of this manuscript are probably in the main connected with Lee, written either by or for him and covering over twenty years of the reign from 1575 until well into the 1590s. Some have been published but not, so far, the bulk. They include speeches on behalf of a Black Knight, a speech for a knight clownishly clad, a tilt-yard homage to Philip Sidney, a scenario for a complete tournament centring on a Temple of Peace and many more items. These surely are what we need edited.

The subject so far

By D. W. Harding

GLYN DANIEL:

A Short History of Archaeology
232pp with 146 illustrations, 10 in
colour. Thames and Hudson, £9.50.
0 500 02101 5

GLYN DANIEL (Editor):

Towards a History of Archaeology
192pp. Thames and Hudson, £12.
0 500 05039 2

JOHN D. EVANS, BARRY CUNLIFFE

and COLIN RENFREW (Editors):
Antiquity and Man
256pp. Thames and Hudson, £25.
0 500 05040 6

Glyn Daniel's retirement from the Disney Chair of Archaeology at Cambridge not only occasioned a Festschrift in his honour, but also coincided with the publication of two books in a field to which he has for many years been the foremost contributor in Britain, the history of archaeology.

One of these, *A Short History of Archaeology*, written by Professor Daniel himself, appears appropriately as the hundredth volume in the *Ancient Peoples and Places* series of which he has been general editor since its inception. This is not simply a re-telling of his earlier studies, though the layout and text in places follows *One Hundred and Fifty Years of Archaeology* fairly closely. With the aid of an excellent selection of illustrations, it provides an attractive, valuable to students of archaeology.

Taming the tamable

By D. R. Harris

JULIET CLUTTON-BROCK:

Domesticated Animals from Early Times
208pp. Heinemann/British Museum of Natural History, £9.95.
0 434 139 505

Domesticated animals are such familiar features of our homes and farms that most of us take them for granted. Because of their very familiarity it is easy to assume that their biology and history have been thoroughly studied and are well understood, yet many basic facts about their ancestry and development remain unknown. It is not only the layman who is ignorant of how, when, and where cats and dogs, goats and sheep, cattle and horses, first took up residence in human society as household companions, living larders, and partners in production. The subject bristles with suppositions and uncertainties for the biologist, archaeologist or historian who tries to unravel even a small part of the story.

Speculation about the obscure history of our domestic animals (and cultivated plants) has been a recurrent theme in Western thought since Classical times, but it was not until the nineteenth century that systematic and comparative accounts of the characteristics, origins, and spread of domesticated animals and plants began to be published. These included such classic works as Charles Darwin's *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868), Alphonse de Candolle's *Origine des Plantes cultivées* (1882), and Eduard Hahn's *Die Haustiere und ihre Beziehungen zur Wirtschaft des Menschen* (1896). A century later we still have only an outline of this obscure history within our grasp, despite the addition of much relevant archaeological and biological evidence, and to attempt to survey and interpret it, even for mammals only, as Juliet Clutton-Brock has done in this beautifully produced book, is a formidable task.

Appropriately, the author introduces her subject with a quotation from Francis Galton who, in 1865,

is a first-year primer on the development of their subject, and to the general reader for its fascinating account of the history of archaeological exploration.

The second publication, *Towards a History of Archaeology*, is likely to command a less popular readership. It contains papers commissioned for a conference on the history of Archaeology held in Aarhus in 1978, and reflects the wide-ranging and rather disparate topics that tend to characterize such occasions. Particularly welcome, however, is Klenar's summary of the history of archaeology in Czechoslovakia, not least because of the general neglect of the Eastern European dimension in most Western studies in this field. Rather more esoteric is Ambramowicz's short contribution on the belief, current in fifteenth-century Poland, that pottery vessels were the product of spontaneous growth in the ground, which could be mistaken for a fictitious PhD subject invented by Dilwyn Rees for the social science faculty of Fisher College. Daniel's own contribution to this volume, in fact, concerns another of his special interests, archaeological fakes and forgeries, to which he also devotes a section in his *Short History* under the heading "Fact, Fiction and Fantasy", including a spirited attack on the lunatic fringe in archaeological publishing.

To some students of archaeology, its history and development as a discipline is simply a tedious prologue to the real business of culture-history or model-making, or at best a source of entertaining anecdotes on early antiquarianism. The importance of historical perspective to the proper understanding of the current state of archaeological knowledge is implicit

in both these books, and is aptly summarized by Stuart Piggott in his concluding paper from the Aarhus conference. Current fashions in archaeological explanation, he argues, are themselves the product of current interests and assumptions; they are not inherently superior to previous fashions in explanation, reflecting rather the questions which the current generation considers pertinent. With proper academic detachment, Piggott illustrates the point by comparing the recent emergence of the so-called "new archaeology" with the transition from scientific rationalism to Romanticism in the eighteenth century.

The history of archaeology is not only concerned with the development of archaeology as an academic discipline, however; it also reflects the development of public interest in and public responsibility for the archaeological heritage. As both writer and broadcaster, Daniel has been one of the foremost exponents of *haute vulgarisation* in archaeology, yet his own surveys of its history make virtually no reference to the introduction of antiquities legislation, nor to the establishment of state agencies for the protection and investigation of ancient monuments. In this area, as in the introduction of archaeology in universities, Britain has apparently lagged behind other European nations. It is therefore not wholly surprising that the present government should be proposing to transfer much of the Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments to a new non-governmental agency, with what must inevitably be a diminution in financial support and effective protection. Such a transfer, it is imagined, will enable the commercial potential of ancient monuments to

be exploited with greater "entrepreneurial flair" than hitherto, without detriment to the primary objective of their preservation.

Such a retrograde and short-sighted proposal could hardly be contemplated in any other civilized country in the Western world, and it is ironic indeed that this hard-nosed privatization should be planned to coincide with the centenary of the establishment of the Inspectorate. It is appropriate to recall the warning of the first Inspector of Ancient Monuments, General Pitt-Rivers, that "the duty of handing [ancient monuments] down intact for the more enlightened judgment of posterity is one which the Government of a civilized country will do ill to neglect". Let us hope that a new edition of Professor Daniel's work will be able to report the establishment of an integrated and effective State Antiquities Service, centrally sponsored if regionally devolved, rather than the ultimate abdication

Early man, early woman

By Vernon Reynolds

NANCY MAKEPEACE TANNER:

On Becoming Human
373pp. Cambridge University Press.
£20 (paperback, £6.95).
0 521 23554

In these early days of creationist revivalism, any book with a title like this one tends to be scrutinized with unusual care, to see if it develops a

materialist or more spiritual theme. Nancy Tanner is, as we shall see, a thoroughgoing materialist: no problem of the genesis of the human soul need her, nor has the daunting problem of evil found a mark on her pages. *On Becoming Human* describes a series of morphological changes, and a series of behavioural ones. An ape becomes slowly transformed into a hominid and then into a human being. Quadrupedal gait evolves into bipedal gait. The ape's four hands become two hands and two feet. The legs lengthen, the arms weaken. The spinal curvature becomes more complex as it assumes new functions: to balance the head, to flex and extend as the trunk falls forward and lifts up again. Pelvic shape changes. *Australopithecus* emerges, an erect, bipedal hominid walking and running on the African savannahs three or more million years ago. Tool manufacture and a series of other inventions follow, and quickly, in evolutionary time, man, with his big brain but otherwise remarkably like his pre-human ancestors, emerges as a distinct and highly successful form.

But what of the behaviour of this new beast? Here Dr Tanner uses a variety of sources of data in her reconstruction. For her ape baseline she takes the chimpanzee, with its flexible social organization in the wild, its already highly developed intelligence, and the long and close relationship between a mother and her young. As a source of ideas for how the early hominids eventually came to live she draws on data from living hunter-gatherers, notably the Bushmen of the Kalahari.

The first and critical innovation, for Tanner, was gathering, which differs from the normal primate habit of foraging in that food is not eaten on the spot as it is found, but is carried somewhere, perhaps to a safer place, and eaten at leisure. Gathering had the advantage of ensuring more secure food supplies, as more food was collected before eating. It had especial advantages for women, since they were better able to handle fluctuations in food supply while nursing children, when their dietary needs were great. Natural selection would thus, according to Tanner, have led to the survival of the offspring of efficient lady-gatherers, while the offspring of inefficient gatherers died. Thus the new life-way became established and, *nota bene*, it was the women who established it.

of government responsibility for ancient monuments and historic buildings.

Antiquity and Man, in title and cover-design recalling the journal *Antiquity*, over which Daniel has exercised editorial responsibility for the past twenty-five years, reflects both his principal research interests – the history of archaeology in Part One and megaliths in Part Two – and includes a wide range of contributions by colleagues and former pupils. The third section contains a series of personal appreciations of a man whose career has spanned university life, writing, publishing and broadcasting. For someone who was not a product of the Cambridge school to comment on this section would be for a gate-crasher at a dinner party to criticize the choice of wine. Yet the volume as a whole, with its preface by Glyn Daniel's most distinguished former pupil, is a handsome tribute to a remarkable and colourful career.

But life isn't just getting food. Food is a means, not an end, in the animal world. In so far as one can talk of ends in an undirected evolutionary process, the most obvious end is reproduction. No matter how efficiently a creature can fill its stomach, day after day, all this skill will be lost if, through excessive concern with eating, it fails to reproduce. It was mothers whose offspring benefited most from gathering. To become mothers they had to engage in sexual activity, and here too, Tanner sees the females as playing a leading role.

Following the chimpanzee model, our pre-hominid lady ancestors would have expressed their desire for sex monthly by producing a brightly coloured swelling around their genitals. In chimpanzees, males are attracted to this, approach the sexually receptive female, sniff her sexual swelling, and then, aroused by pheromones, copulate with her. But the adoption of bipedal posture by the early hominid females caused an awkward situation: their genitals disappeared. Tanner envisages the curious scene: "hominid males now had less information by which to judge whether the females were ready for sexual intercourse. In the absence of sexual swellings, males conceivably might try to continue to sniff the genitals frequently – despite the physical contortions that would be involved when walking upright – in order to gain olfactory clues on possible mating times."

This problem was solved, Tanner argues, by the development of other ways of saying what was in the lady's mind: by gestures, facial expressions, eye contact, posture and vocalization. And now too, she could refrain from giving signals of these kinds if she was not minded to mate. So, with upright stance, the initiative passed from males to females.

Who, then, did the females select to be their mates? Tanner argues that they selected not the most aggressive but the most sociable males. And she uses this idea to explain one of the long-standing puzzles of human evolution: the reduction of the canine teeth, which are large in apes but not in man. Sexual selection by females, she suggests, denuded the big-fanged, ape-like early hominid males the reproductive success they had formerly achieved, and favoured the less well-endowed gentlemen.

Man is very much the dependent variable in Tanner's scheme. Where some have seen a male-dominated scenario (the cave-man with his club, pulling his mate home by the hair), and others have made much of mutuality (the pair-bonded couple, lovers at first and then companions), she gives us a world in which women take men up and drop them at will. Male choice isn't involved; men accept their fate. How are the mighty fallen! Where did we go wrong? If all of human history has now to be rewritten, then Dr Tanner has made a noteworthy start.

Periodic causes, periodic effects

By David Collard

R. D. COLLISON BLACK (Editor):

Papers and Correspondence of William Stanley Jevons
Volume VII: Papers on Political Economy
357pp. Macmillan / Royal Economic Society, £21.
0 333 19979 0

In a review of the first two volumes of R. D. Collison Black's heroic monies was disturbed rather than diverted. But set against J. S. Mill's response will probably be that to Herbert Jevons (1860) in which he claims to have struck out the "true theory of Economy". This was a very exciting time for Jevons, but unfortunately rather a thin time for the journal he kept: journal-writers have the understandable habit of writing least when they are busiest.

They were also great years for economic theory. Jevons's totally unrecognized paper of 1862, *Fleeming Jenkin's "geometry"* of the late 1860s, Jevons's *Theory of Political Economy* (1871), Menger's *Grundriss* (1871), Walras's papers (1873) and his *Elements* (1874), now pushed "subjective valuation" to the centre of the stage. Historians of economics hesitate today to describe this remarkable upsurge of theory as the "marginal revolution", because marginalism served quite different purposes for Jevons, Menger and Walras, the antecedents were many and the mainstream of Anglo-Saxon economics was disturbed rather than diverted. But set against J. S. Mill's unfortunate statement that "there is nothing in the laws of value which remains for the present or any future writer to clear up; the theory of the subject is complete", there had been a revolution: if not a revolution in history then an intellectual revolution. No economist could any longer think, though he could perhaps teach, in the old way.

It is commonly believed that it was Jevons's attacks on Mill which put him in bad odour, and Keynes found Jevons's aversion to Mill to have been "pursued almost to the point of morbidity" (*Essays in Biography*). A particularly striking example comes to hand here in a paper presented to the Manchester Statistical Society in 1874: "After studying the writings of Mr Mill for twenty years, and teaching from them for more than ten years, as I am unfortunately bound to do by the public recognition which they receive at the universities, I feel bound to express my confident belief that they will in no large extent be allowed to consist of a large extent of a series of ingenious sophisms." Though the *Theory of Political Economy* contains comments, and though he continued to teach from Mill, Jevons resented what he regarded as his authoritative deadweight. Even Alfred Marshall in his 1872 review of the *Theory* (printed in Volume VII of the *Papers*) conceded that Jevons had "done good service" in protesting against Mill's complacent dictum, and by 1875 Marshall, in correspondence, felt relaxed enough to write: "we diverge of our views with regard to Mill than by any other cause."

But Jevons was not a constructive genius of the first order, and, generally conferred upon the science are due to his character than to his intellect. Eventually Marshall concedes: "I reverence him [Jevons] now as among the very greatest of economists." Resentment of Jevons was due less to his attack on Mill than to his attack on the whole classical tradition. "I protest against deference for any man, whether John Stuart Mill, or Adam Smith, or Aristotle, being allowed to check inquiry."

Jevons's many-sided genius comes out best in his earlier work. By the time he came to apply for the Chair of Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy at Owens's College, Manchester in 1866, all of his important ideas had been the light of day. But public recognition came through his work on coal, not that on economic theory. After delivering the 1862 paper "Notice of a General Mathematical Theory of Political Economy" (not published until 1866) he complained: "This year has seen my theory of Economy offered to the Learned Society and received without a word of interest or belief. It has convinced me that success in my line of endeavour is even a slower achievement than I thought. This year has taken much youthfulness out of me." His "Study of Periodic Commercial Fluctuations" (not a sunspot paper) was published in 1862, and the next year came his pamphlet, "A Serious Fall in the Value of Gold", on which Keynes heaped such high praise: "For unceasing fertility and originality of unfailing control of the material, to a mass of statistics, involving immense ploughing his way through with no precedents and labour-saving devices to relieve his task, this pamphlet stands unrivalled in the history of our subject."

To complete the offerings to Owens's College there was "The Coal Question" of 1865. This was a question of enormous current interest, and, as is well known, Jevons's analysis was taken up by Gladstone himself to justify his new policy to reduce the National Debt: it parallels today's controversies about the depletion of fossil fuels. Jevons's conclusions were not dissimilar to those of present-day economists: that as fossil fuels run out the rate of economic growth will slow down, depending on the rate of substitution, and that the best one can do for future generations is to invest wisely so as to leave them useful assets.

Papers (not hitherto collected) on these and other questions are gathered together in the first hundred or so pages of Volume VII. Some papers (eg, on coal and sunspots) simply offer alternative presentations of his main argument but others have the freshness of the essential Jevons. Particularly attractive are his early untutored letters to the *Sydney Empire*, one of them signed "An Exact Thinker". As Professor Black admits, these papers, together with extracts from personal diaries, examination papers and reviews, plus an index to all seven published volumes, form a somewhat miscellaneous collection; but it is hard to see how it could have been otherwise, short of producing an entirely new edition of Jevons's scientific papers. This would have been a separate and major venture, impossible perhaps in the present financial climate but well worth doing when we move into more prosperous times.

Two of the papers in this volume constitute part of what I have always thought of as the Jevons puzzle: how could this subtle economic theorist have entertained so simple-minded an approach to questions of social and economic policy? He embraced the doctrine of social harmony very early on (1857) after reading Whately, and tended to argue against any monkeying around with the price mechanism. The puzzle is not that Jevons should have embraced this doctrine in itself but that he then failed to link it to his utilitarianism. He adopted the Benthamite calculus of pleasure and pain, but stopped at the level of the individual: he accepted a "common sense" view that the maximization of individual pleasure somehow led to its maximization at the level of society but nowhere (to my knowledge) did he attempt to prove this, even in his famous chapter on the Theory of Exchange. He lamented the shortage of good books on Political Economy of the kind written by Harriet Martineau or M. Bastiat, and suggested the subject be taught in schools. Such instruction would embody not new truths but old wisdom, and so confident was Jevons of the old wisdom that he applied it pretty well across the board in his own popular lectures, which led him into clashes with trade unionists and charges of being an apologist for capitalism.

Early convictions are the hardest to shake off but it is surprising that Jevons did not feel obliged to apply the same exacting standards to the social harmony doctrine as he did to individual maximization. Yet his Benthamite approach, the share lists, intelligence, custom-house and other government returns, are all full of the kind of numerical data required to render economics an exact mathematical science. (These data are now being satisfactorily mined.) But Jevons also thought that further progress would depend in part upon the discovery of easier methods of computation, and Volume VII includes a paper which attempts to popularize a device known as the Arithmometer, invented by de Colmar around 1820. This machine was somewhat similar to the Facits to be found in university departments of economics twenty years ago; it multiplied and divided at the turn of a handle by successive addition or subtraction, and Jevons advocated it to ease the calculation of least squares: "A machine which in its essential features was invented by the youthful genius of Pascal in the year 1642, is only now coming into use."

The papers in this last volume remind us also of Jevons's mathematical economist, of the statistician and econometrician. A paper of 1874, "The Progress of the Mathematical Theory of Political Economy", has the confident touch of the master and Black tells us that Jevons sent copies of it to Marshall and others. Jevons goes out of his way to draw attention to developments in mathematical economics on the Continent. Here he joins with Walras to push the profession to (though in this particular paper, he is concerned with the "new theory" itself rather than mathematical economics in general). With his introverted personality and poor lecturing style, however, he was not ideally suited to professional leadership. Indeed it is often said that he was (unlike Marshall) something of a failure in this respect – who were his disciples apart from Sidgwick and the eccentric Edgeworth? – yet he more than discharged his obligations. In the long run intellectual sharpness is more important to economists than the creation of schools of thought.

Jevons was confident that the next stage in economics would be to put statistical clothing on mathematical functions and asserted presciently that "the private-account books, the great ledgers of merchants and bankers and public offices, the share lists, price lists, bank returns, monetary government returns, are all full of the kind of numerical data required to render economics an exact mathematical science." (These data are now being satisfactorily mined.) But Jevons also thought that further progress would depend in part upon the discovery of easier methods of computation, and Volume VII includes a paper which attempts to popularize a device known as the Arithmometer, invented by de Colmar around 1820. This machine was somewhat similar to the Facits to be found in university departments of economics twenty years ago; it multiplied and divided at the turn of a handle by successive addition or subtraction, and Jevons advocated it to ease the calculation of least squares: "A machine which in its essential features was invented by the youthful genius of Pascal in the year 1642, is only now coming into use."

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stage in economics would be to put statistical clothing on mathematical functions and asserted presciently that "the private-account books, the great ledgers of merchants and bankers and public offices, the share lists, price lists, bank returns, monetary government returns, are all full of the kind of numerical data required to render economics an exact mathematical science." (These data are now being satisfactorily mined.) But Jevons also thought that further progress would depend in part upon the discovery of easier methods of computation, and Volume VII includes a paper which attempts to popularize a device known as the Arithmometer, invented by de Colmar around 1820. This machine was somewhat similar to the Facits to be found in university departments of economics twenty years ago; it multiplied and divided at the turn of a handle by successive addition or subtraction, and Jevons advocated it to ease the calculation of least squares: "A machine which in its essential features was invented by the youthful genius of Pascal in the year 1642, is only now coming into use."

If Jevons's inclinations and personality had been different what a splendid "School" of economists he could have founded, with mathematical theorists at one end and data collectors at the other. It would have been an analytical rather than a merely inductive school because of Jevons's own work and his methodological position: "Possessing certain facts of observation, we frame a hypothesis as to the laws governing those facts; we reason from it to hypothesis as to the laws governing those facts; we reason from it to hypothesis deductively to the results to be expected; and we then examine those results in connection with the facts in question, concluding, if the hypothesis is confirmed, that the hypothesis is correct, or else to abandon our hypothesis." It is quite possible that before long he would have abandoned his sunspot theory of the economic cycle when "coincidence" failed to confirm "the whole reasoning", yet it is also easy to see why he

was for so long attracted by it. Starting from the principle that "a periodic cause will have periodic effects" ("The Solar Influence on Commerce", 1878) he finds a periodicity – the sunspot cycle – which matches quite closely the periodicity of the business cycle. Less satisfactory was Jevons's attempt to provide the badly needed linking theory between the two.

One of the things that strikes the modern reader, particularly in the earlier volumes, of his correspondence, is Jevons's high sense of moral purpose. In part this was simple ambition, but it was also partly a sense of mission and of duty. There were great things to be accomplished, though what sort of things was not clear to him before 1860. It was probably a too narrow interpretation of his "duty" which led him to continue to teach material, principally from Mill, which he no longer believed in, i.e. a duty to teach the accepted text, which he had accepted. In this connection Marshall had no such inhibitions, for Jevons, commenting favourably on Marshall's students (for whom he was an external examiner in 1874-75), mentions their use of Marshall's own diagrams.

A final virtue of this handsome set of volumes is its comprehensive and entertaining index, which runs to about two hundred pages and was compiled by Barbara Lowe. Under "amusements" we find: "WSJ's: blindman's buff, I 79; cards and draughts, 103, 107 II 85; cribbage, I 106, II 42; cricket match in Sydney, 262; dancing parties, I 79; 'disappointed' at Cremorne Gardens, II 455; fishing in Minnesota, II 400, 411; a party at Weymouth, I 82, II 172, 303, 403, 424, V 84; Edgeworth's memories of him on the ice, 302; snowballing, I 84, 89, IV 303; a Spanish bull-fight, II 376, 396." The picture of Jevons the man which emerges from these volumes will be of interest to all students of Victorian intellectual life, not merely to economists.

The throes of integration

By D. M. Palliser

KEITH WRIGHTSON:

English Society 1580-1680
264pp. Hutchinson, £12 (paperback, £5.95).
0 09 145170 1

Social history in England, despite such excellent recent work, remains a more diffuse subject than political or economic history, and perhaps is doomed to remain so because of the breadth of its interests. This is one reason perhaps why social history textbooks are so few; certainly for periods before the eighteenth century, and as a result, general readers are still driven to works like Trevelyan's *English Social History*, which has been recently reprinted and still meets a real need.

Hutchinson are therefore to be warmly congratulated on launching a "Social History of England", which aims to cover, apparently, the entire period from 1470 to the present. They are also publishing with commendable speed the work under review follows closely on two other volumes covering 1700-1850, and three more are in preparation. Not the least of the series, *Virtues* lies in partly dispensing with conventional chronological boundaries, which often make sense politically but little or none socially. To consider the periods 1470-1570 and 1580-1680 as units (why the omission of the 1570s?) is to stimulate thought and to escape from historical straitjackets. The only regrettable omission

from the scheme is the lack of a general editor and an editorial foreword. In a field so variously definable as social history, a short statement of what the series aims to cover – and not to cover – would help. Keith Wrightson is eminently well qualified to write this volume. He has published several stimulating articles and, with David Levine, a justly admired study of the Essex parish of Terling between 1525 and 1700. He has a broad approach, a sharp eye for both general patterns and individual cases, and a talent for organization. In particular, his method of discussing first the long-term structures of society, and then the social changes of the period, makes for clarity.

Many of the book's themes will be familiar to readers of *Poverty and Plenty in an English Village*, especially that of "integration nationally, but differentiation locally". The period is perceived as one where various forces – demographic, economic, cultural, political – converged to advance the integration of English society into a national whole, but at the same time to increase the polarization of society and the extent of poverty. Such themes provide a robust framework, though not all Tudor and Stuart historians could accept them without severe qualification. Was there really a "dreadful conjuncture" of crises between 1594 and 1630? Was England then more vulnerable to famines than in the 1430s or the 1550s? Did towns really suffer more from bubonic plague after 1580, or are the outbreaks simply better recorded?

The scope of the book is ambitious, taking in democracy and the

family, social "degrees" or classes, the economy, government, law, religion and education. The first two chapters are, perhaps, a little heavily laden with a theoretical sociological framework and with abstract generalizations, but after that a rich mixture of argument and example makes for a more satisfying picture. Dr Wrightson summarizes much fascinating recent research on family relationships, crime, riots, and cultural attitudes. He is especially convincing in attacking Lawrence Stone's influential account of the early modern family, and in demonstrating how dangerous it can be to generalize from the family relationships of nobles and gentry to the population as a whole. He points out disarmingly that he has not attempted a comprehensive account of society, for that would be premature in the present state of research. Nevertheless, what he has written represents a clear and vivid portrait of early modern English society in which, almost for the first time, the fragmentary but extensive evidence for the life of the humble is given due attention alongside the better-known records of the elite. The short and simple signals of the poor are convincingly shown to have been anything but short and simple.

Substance and Form in History, a collection of thirteen essays on the philosophy of history, has recently been published (1980). The volume is dedicated to W. H. Walsh and includes contributions from Isaiah Berlin, Patrick Gardiner, P. H. Newell-Smith and the editors, W. H.

The wife's odyssey

By Jennifer Moody

G. J. SCRIMGEOUR:
A Woman of Her Times
569pp. Michael Joseph. £8.95.
0 2181 2114 7

G. J. Scrimgeour has spent many of his forty-seven years on the outskirts of the world of fiction, writing critical essays and re-writing government reports. He has now plunged into the centre with his first novel, *A Woman of Her Times*; and, as befits a work that has taken a long time to come, it is, at 569 pages, a fairly large creation. Appropriately, too, from a man of his years, it has as its subject the maturer half of a life – that of Elizabeth Wingate.

A Woman of Her Times starts on the eve of the First World War when Elizabeth is thirty-two; it moves across three continents and ends, a quarter of a century later, to the sound of the first air-raid warning of the Second World War, on September 3 1939. Irish by birth, but educated in England, Elizabeth had, before the outset of the novel, travelled

to Ceylon as part of the "fishing fleet", that group of enterprising young women who sailed to all parts of the British Empire with the single purpose of offering themselves in marriage. On the voyage out she had met and married her husband Charles, a wealthy and successful merchant. Happily married for ten years, she has as the novel begins just given birth to her first and only child, Jennifer. Shortly afterwards the reader is introduced to Lady Pearsall who is, and for the rest of the novel remains, Elizabeth's closest friend.

Elizabeth is contented with her life until Lady Pearsall reveals Charles to be a habitual philanderer, numbering himself among his conquests. The knowledge that she is not as close to Charles as she had thought starts Elizabeth on her long odyssey, stopping short of divorce, in search of a life in which her satisfactions are less dependent on husband and family.

Elizabeth, her daughter and Lady Pearsall all return to England, and Scrimgeour takes all the space he needs to paint a relaxed and leisurely picture of life between 1914 and 1939. It must be said that, apart from a strikingly evocative description of the breaking

of the monsoon, he has not captured the essence of life in colonial Ceylon. There is little sense of the oppressive humidity and luxuriant vegetation, or the complexity of native life. However, he writes with a sure hand of post-war England, and has clearly done his research into the etiquette, garb and social conventions of debutantes; he has avoided the temptation to caricature the age, but the reader is made gently aware of background poverty and unemployment. Some of the action takes place in Hollywood; he has caught beautifully that melting-pot of the peoples of the world whose only common factor was hope.

In Elizabeth, Scrimgeour has created a woman of charm, intelligence, dignity and independence. Crucially missing, however, is ambition. Lady Pearsall is an upright character of the old school (her short-lived affair with Charles is the only lapse in an otherwise self-disciplined life); so upright, indeed, that this episode and her narration of it to Elizabeth become, in retrospect, unlikely. The woman who accepts the death of both sons with only one momentary bout of destructive violence would surely have found the reserves to resist the charms of her best friend's husband. Jennifer, beautiful, headstrong, self-indulgent and uncontrolled, is believable; her self-destructive actions flow logically from her personality.

The author claims to have written about a woman of her times, and has placed her in well-authenticated historical settings. But he has in fact written about a woman of our time; her kind can be found in respectable Hampstead and East Coast America today. No imaginative leap is needed to understand her; the conflict between her own need for independence and her child's need for her is dealt with by the introduction of a nanny, by sending the child to boarding school and by change of heart about how much Jennifer should be chaperoned during her debutante year. Scrimgeour's is a pleasant style, about as likeable enough person. It will entertain many, but few will be wiser for it.

Preserving it all

By Judith Chernaik

SILVIA TENNENBAUM:
Yesterday's Streets
520pp. Gollancz. £8.95.
0 575 03056 9

Yesterday's Streets traces the fortunes of a prosperous German-Jewish family from the turn of the century to the end of the Second World War, when the survivors are dispersed to Palestine, Zurich, or New York. The prosperity of the Wertheim clan is based solidly on the wholesale woollens business of Papa Moritz, which supports not only the sons who enter the business, but also the one intellectual, who becomes a bookseller, and the black-sheep, Gottfried, who is sent off to America. The next generation branches out even further: the two emancipated daughters, Lene and Emma, both make disastrous marriages with gypsies; one of the sons becomes an ardent Zionist and the other is openly homosexual. It does not take much detective work to guess that Lene's daughter Clara, who is seventeen in 1945, is the author herself, and the novel her offering to the ghosts of her Jewish past.

It is in its beginnings an ordinary story, familiar and predictable; in its last phases it is terrible indeed, a brave undertaking for any writer. Silvia Tennenbaum is scrupulously honest both about the lives of her characters and about their historical and social background, from the small details of décor, clothing, menus and domestic architecture to the large issues of culture and politics. Plainly a good deal of painstaking research has gone into the chronicling of these lives, for the author (like the young Clara) reached America with her family in 1938, when she was aged ten, only a few months before the outbreak of war; her characters as well as their times must be largely a matter of second-hand reconstruction rather than memory.

In an opening scene, at a family gathering, Mami's novel *Buddenbrook* is mentioned; one character is reading it, another comments that "it has the whole city of Lübeck in an uproar". The resemblances are more than casual: Mami's chronicle of a nineteenth-century bourgeois Lutheran family is the literary inspiration and model for this story of Frankfurt Jews. Scenes are focused on the same ritual events and themes of bourgeois life: births, weddings and deaths; family parties; business rivalry between brothers; the pressure of the clan on individuals; the interweaving of private and public life.

Mami was deliberately writing a modern novel in a dated idiom, and it may be possible even in the 1980s

to write a nineteenth century novel about twentieth century horrors. But Silvia Tennenbaum does not have Mami's gift for bringing his characters to life, for probing their psychology. We are left with the external trappings, and with the obvious lessons of history: wealth is no protection against barbarism (though it buys escape and a comfortable new start for those of the Wertheims who choose to leave Germany); culture offers no defence against the history of our time. Nothing in the cultivated lives of these wealthy (and, on the whole, selfish and self-absorbed) people prepared them for the catastrophe. The problem, for the novelist, is the temptation to draw the obvious moral, and to rely on the cliché that so neatly expresses it.

"The sunlight flickered a last time across the room. 'Catch it!' Eva cried. 'We must preserve it all.' The year was 1938, and the clan is gathered for the last time, oddly enough, Eva is the one revolutionary of the lot, and why she should be the one who wants to preserve it all is puzzling. Authorial irony, perhaps, or sentimentality; typical, in any case, of the earnest sincerity that will recommend this novel to some readers and will irritate others. The author also seems innocently unaware of the difficulties of sketching a complex and well-documented period of modern history through drawing-room (or, more often, dining-room) conversation. 'This picture was painted by Henri Matisse', said Emma. 'I have known', said Emma. 'And a little later: "Did you never hear of Dr Freud?"

There are entire areas of life which Tennenbaum's prose simply isn't capable of representing: for example, sexual desire. "An aching wish she had never known could be so strong, flooded her limbs." Most of the time, fortunately, couples simply "make love" in privacy, screened alike from novelist and reader.

Indeed, the novel as a whole never strays very far from the character of an album of faded photographs, interspersed with family letters. Its poignancy comes, inevitably, from the brutal, systematic destruction of everything the photographs hint at: not only the men, women and children of husbands and wives, but their snobbish, but their comfortable houses, their very names. The most powerful statement in the book is a long letter from Benno, Clara's cousin, describing the liberation of Buchenwald. The letter makes its point, or points; how could it fail? But the consolation Clara's mother offers her bewildered child lapses back into banality: "You will do better than we did. You'll see to it that nothing as terrible as this will ever happen again." It is not an adequate response, in terms either of fiction or history.

Love and death

By Monty Haltrecht

A. E. HOTCHNER:
The Man Who Lived at the Ritz
286pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.95.
0 297 78112 X

A. E. Hotchner's novel is set in France during the German Occupation. His American hero, Philip, is resident at the Paris Ritz, the terms of a legacy guaranteeing him an income so long as he remains there. He is a man who doggedly stays aloof from involvement, personal or political, and he even registers the fall of France mainly in terms of personal inconvenience. However, he is provoked by the brutal murder of an elusive and mysterious Hungarian countess, and as he is gradually drawn into anti-Nazi activity the novel takes on the movement of a thriller.

On this level it works very well. The background detail is carefully researched, and convincing; the bistrot in Villefranche-sur-Saône serves "Anglais et écholotes" explained as "shattered blood sausages with sauerkraut, which Philip had seen in Paris's Alsatian restaurants for over a year". It is easy to believe in the Paris of the period, and in Philip as a long-time resident. The complexities of the spy system and Philip's gradual enmeshment are excitingly detailed. Characters from real life abound: it is Coco Chanel who introduces Philip to his Countess; Goering is a principal figure, since it is when he employs Philip, in his capacity as art expert, to find out who is diverting confiscated paintings earmarked for his own private collection, that Philip becomes valuable to the Resistance. Goering is shown as addicted to morphine and to the sartorial luxury of women's clothes. "Lay out my green silk evening gown", he tells his valet – and far more obsessed with confiscated art than with the Luftwaffe. But here there is a problem. A Goering of

fiction has difficulty competing with the Goering of history. For when he confronts Goebels, it is from such a confrontation one might reasonably ask more than a modicum of Paradoxically, the presence of real people in the novel tends to undermine belief in the fiction: the eye adjusts, and the reader carries the reader along.

One hesitates to call the novel a thriller because one senses a submerged serious theme; but this is perfunctorily treated. Although he has published two previous novels, Hotchner is best known for his biography, *Papa Hemingway*, which deals with the writer's last years. Hemingway is the prototype of the artist confronting the reality of a century by involving himself in a man of action and embracing violence. *The Man Who Lived at the Ritz* suggests that Hotchner has remained obsessed by this figure, less so because he chooses to present a hero who is the obverse of Hemingway. It is significant that his anti-Hemingway figure, also an anti-patriotic American, is shown as a non-functioning artist – Philip trying to paint, and Man Ray a hand to give his verdict; he has tried to write, and Hemingway has self gives the disappointing judgment on his writing. This failure as an artist is accounted for, implicitly, by his refusal to involve himself: it is significant that he only knows a fall in love as he comes to be involved in events. But here we have the novel's main flaws. The Countess is a rather unconvincing figure, her sophistication gradually applied like poster-paint, and the plot from the Resistance he is supposed into loving is shadowy. There is also the Spanish street-boy, a survivor from Guernica, who nurses Philip back to life after his flight from Gestapo across the Pyrenees. It is a part of the logic of his development that a paternal relationship should establish itself, and it makes a point; but it does so awkwardly, though the writer himself is not fully convinced.

Antipodean adjustments

By J. K. L. Walker

CHRISTABEL BROWNE:
The Story of Harriet Bland
304pp. Hutchinson. £7.95.
0 09 146740 3

Emigration is at the best of times a desperate measure; even at the top end of the market, going out to govern New South Wales has rarely been considered preferable to, say, Mastership of the Quorn. The challenge and excitement of a new life appeal particularly to those left behind; the mournful faces observing the last of England betray a less sturdy philosophy. In 1826, the year when Christabel Browne's heroine sails from Gravesend for the penal dustbin of Van Diemen's Land, matters were even less satisfactory. Gently brought up in the placid county society of Devon, Harriet Bland, in the course of the five-month voyage to join her family, now successfully established as a mirror-image landed proprietors in Governor Arthur's new territory, discovers that life aboard the Pelican, with its complement of female convicts, is a determined echelon of the Party, and is determined to flush it out. But suave Dave Kelland of the CIA is equally determined to protect his agent. He enlists the unwilling aid of Joaquín Cabeza, better known as El Duro. A hero of the Spanish Civil War, Cabeza fled to the Soviet Union after Franco's victory and was immediately put in a Siberian prison camp, from which he miraculously escaped. Now, disguised as a Spanish trade unionist, he is accompanied by a green-eyed, honey-blond assistant, Cabeza is sent back into the Soviet Union with a simple job to perform: he has to penetrate the Kremlin and assassinate Stalin.

sense of irony indicates, repairs the damage wrought by Harriet's impulsive distaste for squalor and injustice. Good sense, however, is not enough for survival as, in company with the red-headed convict girl Jenny, Blessed, the aborigine Ragnar, and the ineffectual ship's surgeon Gilles, and the pompous person Cakeread, Harriet struggles through the Tasmanian wilderness towards Elizabeth Town and her parents' estate. Only savagery can free her from the harem of the mad sealer MacGillivray, only the most elementary instinct for survival enable her to endure, in the heart of the forest, the fabled embraces of the leader of a band of escaped convicts. Her pain reaches home, too, when she finally reaches it, turns out to be no crack of gold at the end of the rainbow; Harriet's restored virtue is in need of

JOHN KRUISE:
Red Omega
335pp. Bodley Head. £6.95.
0 370 30336 9

It is 1952. Stalin has just discovered that an American mole is lurking somewhere in the deepest echelons of the Party, and is determined to flush it out. But suave Dave Kelland of the CIA is equally determined to protect his agent. He enlists the unwilling aid of Joaquín Cabeza, better known as El Duro. A hero of the Spanish Civil War, Cabeza fled to the Soviet Union after Franco's victory and was immediately put in a Siberian prison camp, from which he miraculously escaped. Now, disguised as a Spanish trade unionist, he is accompanied by a green-eyed, honey-blond assistant, Cabeza is sent back into the Soviet Union with a simple job to perform: he has to penetrate the Kremlin and assassinate Stalin.

The scenario takes a bit of sandblasting, but the narration is fast and fluent, and the action sequences are tough and convincing. Nightmares doubt creep in, however. Why does the KGB find it impossible to discover the identity of the mole? When he meets his controller in Moscow, he is described as wearing "charcoal-grey Savile Row suit, Sulka shirt, silk tie". Anyone in those days would have stood out in the crowd of 1952 like a fully grown giant redwood tree in a bonsai garden.

Like many a predecessor, the author has difficulty with Russian names. But the error he commits does at least make it easy to distinguish between characters: he has invented and those he has not. The former have two first names, the latter conform to Russian tradition and have one first name and a surname.

T. J. Blyden

Excellent, revealing and significant

By James Kirkup

IAN HIDEO LEVY (Translator):
Ten Thousand Leaves
A Translation of *Man'yōshū*
400pp. Princeton University Press/
University of Tokyo Press. £17.70.
0691 06452 0

This is the first of four volumes of a complete English translation of the great anthology of classical Japanese poetry, whose title means "A Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves". The complete work comprises some 4,516 poems by hundreds of poets, some of them anonymous, of the seventh and eighth centuries. The poems can be said to represent the first exquisite flowering of artistic literary sensibility in Japan during the Asuka and Nara periods – the times of Caedmon and Beowulf.

I will remember the first present I was given in Japan, a land of presents. It was a copy of the 1940 edition of *The Man'yōshū*. One Thousand Poems Selected and Translated from the Japanese published by Iwanami Shoten. My colleague at Tohoku University who presented me with it could not have chosen a better introduction to true Japanese feeling. One of my "poet in residence" predecessors at Sendai, Ralph Hodgson, had had a hand in revising the translation, made by a committee of Japanese scholars. They based their selection, so the foreword says, on (1) poetic excellence, (2) revelation of the Japanese national spirit and character, and (3) cultural significance. The originals were first paraphrased into "plain Japanese", which, after criticism and correction, was turned into "tentative translations"; these were then revised by the eminent English poet.

The text used was based on the popular printed edition of 1643. Ian Hideo Levy, in making his translations, has had the inestimable benefit of the latest scholarship, which has revolutionized many of the former interpretations, in particular the annotations of Onodaka Hisataka in twenty volumes. The new modern Japanese translation by Nakanishi Susumu, the first volume of which was published by Kodansha in 1978, and other modern texts of the classic, have also been studied to great effect.

The difference between the 1940 selection and the present full-scale work is immediately apparent. Hodgson managed to infuse his recensions with a very English rustic charm so that they now read with a faded, flowery Georgian gentility, and give off a subtle fragrance like pot-pourri. But they are English poems in their own right, though in a Japanese courtly setting, Hodgson's use of the word "Envoys" for the *hanka*, a sort of coda following a poem, seems

particularly Georgian in its reference to the ballade.

Professor Levy retains this useful term. Like Hodgson, he has wisely eschewed the use of rhyme; and it has proved almost impossible to reproduce the alliterations and the word-play of the originals. One of the great problems in translating from an "exotic" language is how to render the names of birds, animals, insects, plants and just ordinary objects in daily use which do not exist in the West. Edward Seidensticker has some helpful and entertaining essays on this subject in *This Country, Japan* and in his introduction to his version of *The Tale of Genji*. The Japanese nightingale is not the same as ours, for example, and terms like "brown-eared bulbul" or "gronwell" strike oddly in English verse.

Levy manages to deal with such difficulties in a graceful and authoritative way, and indeed the great attraction of his work is its plain, unadorned literary style, a masterpiece of clarity and linguistic tact. It is almost totally free of the slang and jargon that mars so many translations. He does use the word "slouch" when I should have preferred "smooth", as in these lines from Otomo Yakamochi's poem:

Though she tells me
a million times
that she loves me,
I shall not put faith
in the slick words of Morio.

Another poem begins: "Fearing that to tell me we are through / would cause me misery. . . . But these small infelicities are the only ones I have detected."

There are many very touching poems of parting, loneliness and lost or impossible love, and again and again we find that lovely poetic phrase, "grass for my pillow", used by homesick wanderers from the capital. Time is often referred to with the passing years as "a strand of rough gems". The seasons, with their special flowers and feelings, fill many of the poems with their individuality and keywords. Landscapes, particularly of seashore and mountain and reed plain, are abundant, and their description vibrates with a peculiar intensity created by the tiny, lonely human beings inhabiting them, with their joys and sufferings. Parted lovers waken to find their sleeves wet with tears. At the same time, the stifling, closed atmosphere of court and city creates a constant fear of gossip and ridicule. But humour is not lacking, as in the tart little poem by Lady Otomo Sakamoe to her lover:

You can leave my house
anytime you want,
but it is right for you to go
just when you are full of longing
for my wife?

This book is notable not just for its handling of a difficult poetic style, but also for its remarkable trans-

lations of noble prose passages. Here is one of the undoubtedly great poems of the collection. Yamanohe Okura, writing prose that brings to mind the grave and sonorous cadences of Sir Thomas Browne, an *Urne Burial* of a "floating world":

But in this world no substance is permanent. Thus hills yield to valleys and valleys change to hills. And the span of a man's life is not determined – thus the difference between longevity and untimely death. In the wink of an eye a hundred years of life are extinguished, in the bend of an elbow a thousand years are gone without a trace. In the morning one is host of a banquet table, in the evening the guest of Hades. Even a white steed's gallop cannot match the speed with which the Underworld overtakes us. On the green pine over the grave, in vain hangs the sword of loyalty; and in the fields

the white wistaria simply sways in the sorrowful wind. . . .

Not all the poems are brief, like the *uta* and *waka* we are familiar with in many translations of Japanese poetry, from Waley onwards. There are a number of long poems, elegies or laudatory odes, by court poets like Hitomaro, a poet of genius who created monumental tributes to the divinity of the imperial family on the occasion of various solemn progresses and rituals. Among these are the superb lament on the death of Prince Takechi in 695, the longest poem in the collection, and one of splendid narrative power; and the two *chokin*, with accompanying envoys, that he composed for the imperial progress of Empress Jitō to her Detached Palace in the mountains south of Yamato. In these poems, landscape is displayed like an unfurling tapestry, and there is the beginning of psychological portrayal of character

in the appreciation of the Empress's aesthetic refinement, as she gazes upon the River Yoshino, the "crystal riveland among the mountains".

And so the courtiers of the great palace, its ramparts thick with stone, line their boats to cross the morning river, race their boats across the evening river. Like this river never ending, like these mountains commanding ever greater heights, the palace by the surging rapids, though I gaze on it, I do not tire.

I can truly be said that this contemporary translator has resurrected ancient Japan for us, and created English poems that are of "poetic excellence", are "revelations of the Japanese national spirit and character" and are of "cultural significance" – not only for the world at large, but for the Japanese themselves.

Capital transfers

By Raymond Dawson

W. J. F. JENNER:
Memories of Loyang
Yang Hsüan-chih and the lost capital
(493-534)
310pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £25.
0 19 821568 1

From legendary antiquity it was part of the political game in China that capital cities could be moved about the board; and the Wei Dynasty – one of the many "barbarian" regimes which jostled for power in northern China in the fourth to sixth centuries AD – followed this hallowed Chinese tradition. They sought, to complete the process of sinicization by removing their capital over 400 miles south to Loyang, the site of the royal court during the latter years of the Han, that great dynasty which may be equated with the contemporary Roman Empire because of the extent of its domains and the power of its example. Loyang was conceived in 493, but it was not until 502 that the project was completed; and in less than a generation this splendid metropolis, with its magnificent palaces, innumerable monasteries, and a population of more than half a million, was doomed. In 528 a massacre wiped out nearly all of the royal family and many aristocrats; six years later Loyang was abandoned at three days' notice and the dynasty tried its luck elsewhere. The population was transferred to a new capital nearly 200 miles away, and 100,000 conscript labourers took the structural timbers of the palaces along with them.

Yang Hsüan-chih was moved to write his book by a visit to the empty ruins of Loyang thirteen years after it had been abandoned. A former keeper of the palace archives, he was a well-qualified guide, but his book is a strange concoction. His descriptions of the monasteries are flavoured with monastic history anecdote and the buildings are linked with the buildings described. And in the still-prevalent Chinese fashion the historical references enabled the author to whisper allusions to contemporary politics which he would not have dared utter out loud. The founders of Wei Loyang had obviously been much inspired by the literary accounts of the Han city which, as Jenner says, depict it as "a

huge palace compound graced with every rare and splendid thing imaginable, set amid parks in the centre of the universe". These works must also have been very familiar to Yang, and the exuberance of their descriptions seems to blend with nostalgia to colour his own writings. There is much talk of "flying passageways to catch the breezes and high buildings shrouded in mist" and the like, and none of the earthly details which one finds, for example, in accounts of Hangchow when it was the capital of China in Marco Polo's day.

On and off, Dr Jenner has spent almost half his lifetime with Yang Hsüan-chih and old Loyang, so his book will not always be easy reading for the stranger making his first visit to this world. But Yang's earlier writings, such as his *Memories of Loyang*, are a long-term devotion to it has produced an extremely valuable contribution to our understanding of a little-known period.

Comprising chapters by Luo Zewen, Dai Wenbao, Dick Wilson and Jean-Pierre Drège, with captions by Hubert Delahaye and a foreword by Jacques Gernet, *The Great Wall* (192pp. Michael Joseph, £14.95, 0 2181 2086 8) is a fully illustrated account of the Chinese wonder of the world. The reasons for its building, begun by the Ming emperors in the fourteenth century, its actual construction and engineering along the 6,000 km route (charted in detail), China's military organization and communications along the Wall, as well as its place in trade, in modern tourism and as a national symbol, are all described.

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Author, Author

Competition No 65

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than April 30. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that the most nearly correct. In which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed, in envelopes marked "Author, Author", to the Editor, Times Literary Supplement, PO Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ. The solution and results will appear on May 7.

- My delight and thy delight
Walking like two angels white
In the gardens of the night.
- And over the talkative city like any
other
Weep the non-attached angel. Here
too the knowledge of death
Is a consuming love: And the natural
The low unflattering voice
That rests not on ill and a hearing.
- I love not meat but Christine and her
soul.

women but you. Though indeed that's no proper comparison but for (let Dutchess). For to love you, is as if one should wish to eat Angela. Or drink Cherubin-Broth.

Competition No 61

Winner: Percy Selwyn
Answers:
1 "Here is the skull of a beaver, and that of Sir Christopher Wren. You observe, in both these specimens, the prodigious development of the organ of constructiveness."
T. L. Peacock, *Headlong Hall*, chapter 12.

- "This is the work of the original architect. A very great man, called Roger Pratt. You must always remember his name. Tom, he's not enough known. He had fifty luck. Most of his work's been pulled down or burned by accident."
Angus Wilson, *Setting the World on Fire*, part 1.
- You too proceed making falling Arts
your care,
Beneath new wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore.
And be what'er Virgilus was before.
Alexander Pope, *Epilet*

Fifty years on . . .

On April 7, 1932 the TLS carried the following review by E. Mavrogordato of Rudyard Kipling's last volume of short stories, *Limbs and Renewals*:

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch said recently in *The Times* that an Englishman whose span of seventy years ended in 1914 might be accounted fortunate as any man who ever lived in any age or country. "He was the citizen of a great and stable society; he belonged to the world's greatest workshop and therein as an individual could take pride in the work of his own hands while everywhere his fellows were making discoveries and inventions to improve his comfort . . . a thousand contrivances. Nation, society, workshop – here were aspects made to the hand of Mr. Kipling. His was the voice of the Diamond Jubilee, and without him the Dominion over palm and pine that he celebrated would have taken a lesser shape."

But with Mr Kipling's upward trend never becomes uplifted. He allows himself to hook that what has

sang most lustily it is more true than ever it was that half of creation is blue with their bones; but it is no longer matter for exultant rhythms. The spirit of the Victorian age was a spirit that affirms; in the manifestations of its successor, a spirit that denies, there is no stimulus to which Mr Kipling is instinctively responsive. So it is hardly surprising that in this book one looks in vain for the old visionary gleam. Not that there is anything in it to suggest that he has changed his allegiance. With all his concern for the moral as part of the practical world he is as scrupulous in his choice and arrangement of words as any hierophant of art for art's sake; and it can be no accident that in the last story – where it will tell the tale in the mouth of the significantly named "Archangel of the England" – will be found a speech that both in matter and form suggests the tone of the book: "Rightly or wrongly, I'm an optimist. I do believe in the general upward trend of life."

But with Mr Kipling's upward trend never becomes uplifted. He allows himself to hook that what has